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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK.	605	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>):		CORRESPONDENCE (<i>continued</i>):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Lord Hopetoun's Unstrengthened		The Preservation of Wild Life. By	
Mr. Gladstone—and After.	608	Hands.	615	Frank C. H. Borrett.	620
Federation and the Future.	609	"Le Juif Polonais".	616	REVIEWS:	
The Progress of the War.	610	Lawyers and Life Assurance.	617	The Laureate's Eirenicon.	620
Caucas Christianity.	610	CORRESPONDENCE:		Cambridge Leaders.	621
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		America and England. By James H.		The Aim and Method of Science.	621
Cyclists and the Railway Companies.	611	Bates.	618	Modern Italy.	622
Punch and Judy. By Walter Herries		The Navy League. By H. Seymour		The Races of Man.	623
Pollock.	612	Trower.	619	Palestine Again.	623
The Growth of the Garden. By Ger-		Promotion from the Bench.	619	"The Cardinal's Snuffbox" and other	
trude Jekyll.	613	The Sport of Australian Provincialism.		Novels.	624
The Academy. II.—"The Poor Man's		By a Fellow of the Royal Colonial		NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.	625
Tea".	614	Institute.	619	FRENCH LITERATURE.	626
		Cricket Prospects. By F. G. Harding	620		

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Throughout the week Mafeking has been the one thought of the whole people, a thought which in turn has expressed itself in anxiety, in disappointment, in hope passing into expectation. There seems little doubt that while the garrison has been reduced to grievous straits, the enemy has made a last desperate effort to capture the place before the arrival of the relief column, and been repulsed with serious loss. Since 12 May Lord Roberts' headquarters have been at Kroonstad which he entered without opposition. Mr. Steyn had fled the evening before, and in the meantime Heilbron takes the place of Kroonstad as the capital of his rapidly vanishing territory. Lord Roberts' easy occupation of Kroonstad has at least settled that the great stand of the Boers was not to be there, as it was thought a fortnight ago it might possibly be, and the question where still remains open. On Tuesday the long silence of General Buller was broken by a telegram announcing operations in the Biggarsberg, carried on from 11 May to the 14th, which ended in the occupation of Dundee on the latter date. On the 16th he reported that Glencoe had been occupied on the previous day; that the Transvaalers had evacuated the Biggarsberg, and the Free Staters on the Drakensberg were much reduced in numbers. On the 17th he reported that the Second Division had reached Dannhauser and his advanced patrols Newcastle. Lord Roberts reported on the 16th that General Hunter had entered the Transvaal on the north-west of the Free State, and advanced within ten miles of Christiana.

To the more rabid type of patriot we can earnestly commend Sir Alfred Milner's address to the loyalist ladies at Cape Town as a model of statesmanlike calmness and breadth of view. As Sir Alfred Milner truly says, we must be "tolerant" of different views in times like these, and in face of a vast and complicated problem like the settlement of two races in South Africa. In the Imperialist house there are many mansions, and it is the boast of our rule that we shelter many races and many religions. We make these remarks because there is a species of militant, or rather military, statesman afoot in South Africa just now, who is for settling matters by disfranchising the Dutch in Cape Colony and

Natal as well as in the Republics. We feel certain that Sir Alfred Milner will not countenance this "short way with dissenters;" indeed it would be easier and fairer to suspend constitutional government altogether, and turn the whole of South Africa into a Crown Colony, than to attempt to distinguish between races at the polling-booth.

The Liberal Union Club dinner to Mr. Arthur Balfour was a two-faced function; one way it looked towards the Leader of the House, the other way towards the Unionist alliance. As a recognition of Mr. Balfour's services to the State, if superfluous, it was at least not unseasonable. As a re-assertion of the Unionist alliance, a well-worn fact that has also worn well, it did seem like a thing born out of due season. The action and reaction of party politics, with its inner history, is all very well when we have nothing greater or more interesting to divert us; but at present we have, and while the war is on, nobody will want to hear about Home Rule and how the Unionists organised themselves to meet it. We are concerned now with what the Government are doing to enable the nation's armies to overcome the nation's enemies, and that dwarfs the consideration of what party leaders did to overcome party opponents. From a political point of view, the speeches had one moral. The celebration should have been not of Unionist alliance but Unionist amalgamation. All the speakers insisted that the alliance was permanent, that the line of demarcation was one only of organisation; that such differences as had arisen in Unionist counsels had consistently gone not on the old party lines. Then what on earth can be the object of keeping up a double organisation which marks no duality but that of the two parties' respective groups of officers?

It is pleasant to turn to the function's other side, Mr. Balfour. The Leader of the House—the epithet here is far from otiose—has probably done more, adding administrative to argumentative effort, to crush the Home Rule policy than any other one man. To that piece of work Mr. Balfour gave his mind unreservedly; and for that the majority of the people of England, including many Liberals, are deeply grateful to him. Mr. Balfour has done much to bring about genuinely better relations between the Irish and English peoples; and that will probably remain the greatest monument to his constructive statesmanship. Since he left the Irish Office, Mr. Balfour's ascendancy over the House has steadily grown; he has become in an almost literal sense, its guide,

philosopher, and friend. Reasons are not wanting why his attraction should be greater in the House than out of it. Brilliancy of intellectual finesse, with supreme charm of manner, compensates those who are close enough to come under its attraction for a certain dilettanti indolence and sceptical indifferentism, but it is hardly so with those who only know the statesman, who hear the platform speaker, seldom the debater, never the conversationalist.

On Tuesday the House of Commons had what schoolboys would call a "stodgy" set of subjects before it—London Docks and Registration of Plumbers and so on; but solemn Mr. Samuel Smith wound up the performance with a capital farce by his way of raising the question of morality in the London theatres. Mr. Smith never having been to a theatre wanted the House to confirm his expert opinion that stage plays are becoming demoralising and ought to be better looked after, apparently by the County Council. It is the pathetic futility of the position that makes its humour. A representative body is to reform the morals of an institution supported by all classes except the poorest and which is therefore representative as it always has been of the average morality. If the County Council could also raise the average intellect we might, whilst we are about it, have the intellectual standard raised too. It is certainly an unpleasant historical fact that the Mr. Samuel Smiths have always had too good a case against the theatre; but then they have always denounced woe against society at large at the same time. Shall we ask the County Council to undertake the salvation, moral, mental, and spiritual, of a society which still appreciates the "immorality" of the theatre, and is not wearied by its intellectual dulness, though the schools and the higher literature, and the churches, have done their best for it during so many years?

We suppose the women in America do not support the theatre there as Englishwomen do in England, or what would Mr. Samuel Smith think of the proposal made in the United States Congress to erect a "Pantheon," a Temple of Goddesses, to their greater glory? The preamble of this Bill gushes thus: "Whereas every man worthy of the name loves and honours woman." This is followed by "Whereas Lincoln the incomparable echoed the thought of millions of his sex when he said 'All I am or can be I owe to my angel mother;'" and again by "Whereas gallantry suggests, and justice demands, at the hands of the men of our day some telling and tangible evidence of the wisdom and worth, as well as the noble self-sacrifice, &c., of 'the women of America,' Therefore be it enacted, that 'illustrious women' shall have their statue in bronze or marble in an appropriate building to cost one hundred thousand dollars. Wonderful country where a 'Pantheon' for women is a want that has long been felt and yet has sent us the 'Belle of New York.'" Described by Mr. Archer it appears as "one long glorification of the vulgarest order of debauchery." We should say the Pantheon and the Play are not so remotely connected in idea and sentiment as some people might imagine.

The negating of the second reading of the London and India Docks Joint Committee Bill, in order to hand over the whole matter to the consideration of a Royal Commission, was evidently the best course for the House of Commons to take. An impasse has arisen: the Docks Companies cannot perform their extremely important public duties of keeping London in its present position of a port in competition not only with other English ports but with foreign ports under their present system of charges, and it is also utterly impossible for them to make propositions increasing charges, or altering the incidence of them, without raising a storm of opposition from most influential bodies interested in the port traffic. They tried it fifty years ago and failed, and it was now more than ever less likely they could succeed, when the time has arrived for considering whether, if new burdens are to be imposed on the trade of London, they should not

be imposed by a quite different body—a body as Mr. Ritchie said more in the nature of a public trust than of a private company. To give a new lease of life to the present system as the Bill proposed was quite inadequate.

Cheap trains for the working-class population form so important a part of any scheme for better housing that it is very unfortunate when any proposed legislation in this direction cannot stand criticism so as to reach at least its second reading. This fate has overtaken Mr. Lough's Bill. It proposed to give the Board of Trade power to insist on railway companies granting cheap tickets to workmen in districts where under the Cheap Trains Act 1883 they are not bound to run workmen's trains. The companies obtain compensation for loss by remission of passenger duty, but this Bill contained no similar provision. It is a somewhat strange extension of the Cheap Trains Act to apply its principle to districts where workmen have not yet come to reside and just a little too "previous" for everyday legislators.

Sir Henry Fowler could have offended none but extreme individualists or extreme Socialists in his Presidential Address on "Municipal Finance and Municipal Enterprise" at the Royal Statistical Society. He spoke words of "truth and soberness" which probably represent the opinions of most people who are not extremists. His position does not lend itself to theory at all, it being simply this that the extension of municipal enterprise is to be expected and desired, but that it must not be pushed in a spirit of fanaticism and without regard to existing private interests. No formula can define this position except the truism that in extending municipal enterprise nothing must be attempted but what is shown to be in the general interest. Only common sense and experience can decide whether municipalities are likely to benefit the community as bankers, pawnbrokers, coal merchants and so on. At present the answer is against them. On the other hand as Sir Henry Fowler showed, in many directions, not dreamed of some years ago, their extended control of public services has been proved of immense benefit.

There is a class of objects in which the action of the municipality is optional, as distinguished from such services as poor relief, police, and the public health which they must undertake. We have free libraries, the provision for public recreation, art galleries, parks and open spaces, which are described as resting upon the principle of co-operation of the many to secure for the advantage of all opportunities for health and enjoyment of life which used to be confined to people who could procure them at their own cost. The question of rates is a fearful nightmare, but on the whole public opinion sympathises very strongly with the activity of municipalities in this direction. Of the local debt of £262,000,000 this class of object accounts for £36,000,000. Pecuniarily it is unproductive, but municipalities are also engaged in productive enterprises on which there is a net income of £4,000,000 a year. At the point we have reached local taxation is already heavy, and it will increase. Its incidence becomes more and more important. Real property bears too great a share of the burden and personal property too little; but Sir Henry Fowler comforts us with the blessed phrase "Royal Commission" whose report is to throw so much light on the whole of this difficult question.

Sir Robert Fowler's speech has had abundance of practical comment in the annual estimates of the London County Council and the speeches, especially Mr. Balfour's, on the second reading of the Housing of the Working Classes Bill. The rate of the Council for the year is increased by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in the £ and this is largely due to debt charges on account of the productive expenditure such as tramways extension; though this class of operations in London compared with some other large towns is small. Much of the new capital is required for the Holborn and Strand improvements and the housing schemes. As to the cost of these improvements Mr. Balfour in his speech just mentioned pointed

out that much of the expense is due to compensation to shopkeepers, warehouse owners or manufacturers for their businesses. If from schemes such as the Boundary street improvements a permanent loss must be incurred, in other cases such as the Holborn and Strand improvements there are the recoupments from ground rents and profits so that the net results as Mr. Bruce said, will be but a small annual charge for interest on debt.

When we wrote last week the first ballots for the municipal elections in Paris had given a majority to the Nationalists: now as the result of the second ballots the Municipal Council of Paris is composed of forty-six Nationalists comprising Monarchists, Imperialists, Anti-Semites, Radical Republicans, Socialists, in short of all sections who would for diverse reasons put an end to the present form of Republic. They captured all the twenty seats contested on Sunday: and there are now in the Council only thirty-four supporters of the Governmental Republic. Throughout all the rest of France however the position is reversed and if we cared for the Republic, more than we do, we might say that is the hopeful element in a doubtful situation; for France has not followed in this case the tradition that Paris leads France. Probably we might still see this happen if the Nationalists were not such an heterogeneous body, divided into irreconcilable factions, without a leader to unite them in any definite plan for replacing the present form of Government by some other. All accounts agree in representing these as the decisive factors in the case. A man is wanting, and the Nationalist attempts to manufacture him, whether out of the Duc d'Orléans, General Mercier or Colonel Marchand, are doomed to failure. It is also agreed that the apparent triumph of the Nationalists would not have caused the trouble it has done and is still likely to do, if it had not been for the indiscreet utterances of M. Joseph Reinach as to the revival of the Dreyfus affair.

While the Parisians, like Lord Byron, are wanting a hero, fate has presented them at least with a heroine in the person of "Gyp" Comtesse de Martel brilliant, celebrated, "chic" du plus chic, crowning her celebrity this week by allowing herself to be abducted by three Dreyfusards with all the melodramatic accessories of a novel by Dumas or Victor Hugo. All Paris knows her as Nationalist, Anti-Semite and Anti-Republican, and now more than "All Paris" in its conventional sense reads eagerly the story of her imprisonment in a mysterious château, her escape by a rope of curtains through a window, her climb over a gate seven feet high and her subsequent wanderings till at two o'clock in the morning a Douanier found her and transmitted her to her friends. They are also being informed that this is M. Loubet's revenge on her who has been described as a "Pompadour à tout faire" to the late Felix Faure, and that the abduction is a plot—with what object is not very clear—of Anarchists and Semites and Dreyfusards, in short of the supporters of "the infamous Government." Is it possible after all that "Gyp" may be the coming "Cæsar"? It is suggested that she is the victim of hallucinations. But does that unfit her for being the leader of the Nationalists?

A significant order has been issued by the State Department at Washington. Every minister and consul of the United States in Central and Southern America has been instructed to procure and forward information regarding the German colonies in those parts of the world. As we pointed out a fortnight ago, it was a mistake to dismiss the warning uttered by Mr. Root as to the Monroe Doctrine as mere "Spreadingeagleism." On the contrary it embodied a serious view on a serious question. The interests of Germany, especially in the Rio Grande district of Brazil, are growing by leaps and bounds and it may well be that the time is coming when the Fatherland may feel called upon to dispute the pretensions of the United States. The elements of a quarrel between Brazil and Germany are not far to seek. The Pernambuco and Rio Grande districts are both taxed and exploited for the benefit of the politicians at Rio de Janeiro and, in these circumstances, an outlander question may easily arise.

General Otis, who quitted Manila "entirely at his own request" has received in a War Office order the warm thanks of the President for "his distinguished and successful services in the Philippine Islands." If the same measure had been dealt out to this gallant officer that has been accorded to some British generals, he might have quitted the scene of his achievements in a less picturesque fashion than he seems to have done. How far his "brilliant operations" have been successful may be judged from the fact that there are continuous bloody encounters between Filipinos and the liberating forces, resulting in serious slaughter of the former, though one successful attack on their part is announced. It is interesting to note that a few days before these encounters took place the retiring general announced that "the thing is entirely over" and that "he did not see where it is possible for the guerillas to effect any reorganisation, concentrate in any force, or accomplish anything serious." It is still more interesting to note that the scene of these conflicts was the Viscayan Islands long since "reduced to order."

The telegrams from Australia with regard to Federation and the action of the Colonial Secretary are nearly as conflicting as have been the messages concerning Mafeking. Mr. Chamberlain made it clear on Monday when he laid the Federation Bill before the House of Commons that the Imperial Government has a duty to the Empire as well as to Australia. The point has apparently carried conviction to many waverers in the colonies themselves. But there is unfortunately a tendency towards partisanship in certain quarters in Australia and this tendency has been accentuated by the wholly indefensible speeches of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Charles Dilke. Strong as is the position of the Imperial Government in the matter, speeches such as those made by the Opposition on Monday are mischievous in that they impart a spurious importance to the opposition in Australia itself.

The proposal to create a new Imperial Court of Appeal by merging the judicial committee of the Privy Council in the House of Lords has nothing necessarily to do with the Australian Commonwealth Bill, and will form the subject of separate legislation. We were however right in our forecast of the Lord Chancellor's intention. Four new lords of appeal are to be added; one from Canada, one from India, one from Australia, and one from South Africa. Their salary and status are to be the same as those of the present lords of appeal in ordinary, but instead of for life their appointment is to be for seven years, though probably in practice it will be a life office. The objections to this arrangement formulated by the SATURDAY REVIEW last week are not removed. There are only four lords of appeal at present and the Lord Chancellor, for the lords who are entitled to sit by virtue of having held high legal office cannot be counted on as permanent members. The colonial judges will thus constitute half the court that decides English Scotch and Irish appeals, the Chancellor having the casting vote. The population of the Mother Country is four times that of the white population of the colonies, and her wealth of course immeasurably greater.

How to deal with fraudulent solicitors? That is the question which has suddenly become the topic of the hour in legal and lay circles alike. All kinds of proposals are being made, some for an alteration of the law of larceny, which would be wise, as it has been abundantly shown that the law at present positively invites the dishonest solicitor to put his fortune—or other peoples'—to the touch to win or hazard all. Other proposals are decidedly foolish—the insurance of solicitors is one of them. There are others which would be worse if they were possible: for instance the limitation of the numbers and some safeguards as to the social status of entrants into that branch. But one mistake was evidently made when the Incorporated Law Society had transferred to it the duties which used to be performed by the Master of the Court. Sir George Lewis by resigning his place on the Committee of Inquiry appointed by the Society has clinched this fact. He has resigned because the official members will not consent to prosecute the solicitors who have committed

huge frauds and who are to be allowed to escape scot free. Evidently we must not set solicitors to catch solicitors.

The London Diocesan Conference has decided on a Round Table Conference to consider the differences of Churchmen as to ritual and the doctrines it involves. We hope this decision will not make matters worse. It is not easy to hope for more. Other round table conferences have not been conspicuously successful in promoting harmony; and the theological nature of the proposed meeting certainly is not a guarantee of better success in that direction. In only one way can the conference be of any use whatever. If its members come with the desire when they have defined what their differences are, to agree to differ, much will have been gained: for that is the only agreement of which the Church of England is at present capable, except at sacrifices which would purchase uniformity too dearly. Mr. Webb-Peploe will find few to disagree with his pronouncement that an exhibition of "brotherly kindness, brotherly sympathy, and brotherly forbearance" amongst Churchmen would just now be well. It is fortunate that he has made this discovery; he has made it late, we only hope not too late. The ceremony opening the conference should be the solemn burial of their Congress speeches by Lord Halifax and Prebendary Webb-Peploe.

Mr. Sidney Lee's lecture at the Royal Institution on "Shakespeare and True Patriotism" is an admirable "Tract for the Times." He deduced the "perfect patriot" from the Shakespearian drama—the *Coriolanus*, the *Richard II.*, and the *Henry V.* We have not enough Shakespeare for patriotism; we might, if we saw as much of him on our stage as in earlier days or even as the Germans and the French do at present, with better acting and less spectacle, have the inestimable advantage of acquainting ourselves with Shakespeare's ideas of true patriotism and his criticisms and condemnation of the bastard form of it. An intelligent patriot should know what his country ought to be most proud of. How many Englishmen could appreciate Cardinal Wiseman's saying that without Shakespeare and Newton, Englishmen would lack much of the consideration they enjoy in the sight of the world? Of *St. George* and *Shakespeare* Mr. Lee prefers *Shakespeare* as the National Patron Saint. But *Shakespeare* is really too great even for England, and that is what *Dumas*, as well as the Germans, mean when they place *Shakespeare* in the Pantheon not of a single nation but of the universe, and when *Dumas* utters that tremendous sentence "After God, *Shakespeare* has created most."

The unexpected influx of £1,000,000 in gold from Russia together with the abundance of money in New York has influenced the market here to an appreciable degree. Further sums are expected from Russia and there is a falling off in rates in Paris and Berlin. The immediate effect of this monetary easiness has been the rise in Consols to 101½ and in the War Loan and Corporation stocks, though the fear of dear coal continues to prevent Home Rails from showing much buoyancy. Spanish bonds, which at one time wavered on rumours of domestic disturbance, recovered to 72½, and Portuguese have risen to 24½ on the successful negotiation of a loan in Paris to meet the Delagoa Bay award. The steady advance of our army in South Africa has kept South African mines firm, but the business is still restricted more or less to professional dealings. The public will probably not begin to buy until they see Johannesburg safe in the hands of Lord Roberts. In the meantime *Welgedacht* continue firm at 7½, and the excellent prospects of the new "Frank Smith Diamond" have induced a powerful French group to acquire a large interest. The shares are for special settlement and stand at 1½. After the account was settled there was a recovery in Australian mines, and as there seems no doubt that the sulphide problem is solved, shareholders should not be frightened by bear manoeuvres. American railways showed a tendency to recover on Thursday but "wobbled" back on Friday, and the immediate future of this market is still uncertain.

MR. GLADSTONE—AND AFTER.

WE can recall few things in history more pathetic than the unveiling of Mr. Gladstone's statue to-day by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It is barely seven years since Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister of the British Empire: it seems

"But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world,"

and now there is none to do reverence to his effigy but a stop-gap politician, without a party, without ideas, with nothing but the fluent platitudes of his kind. It is dramatically sudden, this dismissal of "a splendid mind" with costs by the national court of appeal. The costs are heavy, to be sure; the reconquest of the Sudan, a decade of disturbance in Ireland, and the South African War. But the nation pays them cheerfully enough, now that it sees an end of the business. And the last of Little Englandism, or anti-Imperialism, or whatever uncouth name we may apply to Mr. Gladstone's latter-day policy, we have heard for a generation at least to come. Lord Salisbury once said that Mr. Gladstone held the sceptre of the British Empire as if it burned his fingers, which in a party sense it did. The latter half of Mr. Gladstone's official career was marked by three capital acts, the restoration of their independence to the Boers, the attempt to escape from responsibility in Egypt by abandoning the Sudan, and the nearly consummated endeavour to separate Ireland from the United Kingdom. Mr. Gladstone's successors, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, have been entirely occupied in reversing his policy in all these directions. First came the terrible parliamentary struggle with the Irish disloyalists, that resulted in the formation of the Unionist coalition. Then after twelve years of patient organisation came Lord Kitchener's victory at Khartum, and our final intimation to the French nation that we intended to remain masters of Egypt and the basin of the Nile. Finally, we have the co-operation of the whole Empire in the gigantic task of undoing the mischief of the settlement after Majuba Hill. The last stroke is of course the most significant of all. For had Mr. Gladstone's successors merely busied themselves with the correction of his splendid errors, by the ordinary machinery of parties at Westminster, his admirers might still fight for the Gladstonian legend. But it is very far from being so. Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain, have relied very little upon their parliamentary majority: they have shown themselves almost morbidly disinclined, both at the outset and towards the conclusion of the war, to lean upon their party troops. Old-fashioned Tories might object that the present Government had overdone their deference to the man in the street, and our colonial youngsters. None can deny that it is with the approval of an overwhelming majority of Britons at home and in the colonies, that Mr. Gladstone's successors have been undoing at great cost the foreign and colonial policy of that statesman.

The unveiling of Mr. Gladstone's statue synchronises with the introduction of the Australian Commonwealth Bill into the House of Commons, and the proposed creation of an Imperial Court of Appeal: we hope it only shortly precedes the annexation of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. What a commentary upon Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's panegyric! Where are now the creatures of Mr. Gladstone's bounty, the peers whom he gartered, the placemen whom he promoted, the philosopher whom he cherished in his old age? Some are in their grave, like Mr. Childers and the Duke of Argyll; others are squabbling with one another: one is at his Neapolitan villa: some were at the banquet of the Liberal-Union Clubs on Wednesday. Borrowing a metaphor from natural science, Mr. Balfour observed at the Hotel Cecil that "there are cases in the physical world when a sudden stroke, some unexpected shock, will crystallise into new forms a liquid subjected to the impact. That crystallisation, having been once produced, remains." The sudden stroke, the unexpected shock, was in this instance Mr. Gladstone's desertion of the causes of Imperial loyalty. The liquid subjected to the impact was the Whig wing of the old Liberals, and the crystallisation in question is what is called the Unionist.

party. We have Mr. Balfour's word for it, that this formation is permanent, wherein our political scientist is perhaps mastered and misled by his analogy. Be that as it may, the point is that the real founder of the Liberal-Unionist party was Mr. Gladstone. More than that, he is the creator of the present Rosebery party. Not admiration of the Duke of Devonshire but distrust of Mr. Gladstone drove the Whigs into Lord Salisbury's camp in 1886. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane have separated themselves from Mr. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt, not so much out of enthusiasm for Lord Rosebery, as from a clear perception that Mr. Gladstone's ideals are out of date, and that Imperial consolidation is the order of the day. It is not very obvious why the party which dined at the Hotel Cecil, and is led by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, should not include Lord Rosebery's friends. And yet when all these things have been said, Mr. Gladstone was and remains one of the most personally popular statesmen that ever lived. Lord Beaconsfield, whom it was impossible to deceive, was right in thinking that he himself never was personally popular. But his ideas were beloved, and some of them since his death have been translated into facts.

FEDERATION AND THE FUTURE.

THE course pursued by the Government with regard to the Australian Federation Bill has been already anticipated. Indeed it is hard to imagine how its members could have adopted any other course, consistently with their position as trustees for the Empire. The attempt made by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, as also by Sir Edward Grey, at S. Austell, to represent Mr. Chamberlain as administering a rebuff to the Australian people was singularly infelicitous, for, ever since the discussion commenced, it has been more and more clearly demonstrated that the delegates in their attempts to make a fetish of the Bill are misinterpreting the wishes of those whom they are supposed to represent. It is to be regretted that Mr. Kingston, the delegate for South Australia, should have thought fit to introduce some unworthy personalities into a discussion which had up to the moment of his indiscreet communication to the "Times" been maintained at the high level of constitutional argument on which it began. We are quite ready to believe that the letters in question are the outcome of a momentary heat, and not the deliberate opinion of a former prime-minister of a colony on the leading members of the Australian judiciary.

Such bandying of personal accusations has been singularly absent from this controversy hitherto, and would indeed be a sorry manner of approaching the settlement of a question which is bound to have such momentous consequences for the Empire. Not that criticism is entirely out of place on either side. We have throughout demurred to the theory, which seems to find favour in some quarters, that a Bill because it has been accepted by a Referendum, is to be treated as if it were divinely dictated. It has been clearly demonstrated by Mr. Parsons in a letter to the "Pall Mall Gazette" that Mr. Barton recently held very different views as to the verbal inspiration of the covering clauses from those he now advances. The right and the duty of the Imperial Parliament to consider and amend is undoubted, and will be exercised within the narrow and reasonable limits indicated by the Colonial Secretary. It may be safely assumed that the friendly pressure brought to bear on the Government of Western Australia will result in the inclusion of that colony as an original State in the Federation, a consummation devoutly to be wished, not only for considerations symmetrical and sentimental but as also affording a solution of the goldfields problem. United Australia is therefore a certainty of the near future and the consolidation of a new State of such magnitude must be a step towards the ultimate consolidation of the Empire itself. As the creation of the Dominion of Canada was the first act, that of Australian Federation is the second in the great drama of Imperial Federation. Accepting Mr. Chamberlain's dictum that what is good for Australia is good for the Empire, we regard it as indis-

putable that the Empire benefits in the passage of the Federation Bill. To take the business point of view first. Instead of a congeries of States bordering on one another but separated by hostile tariffs, and with all the hindrances to intercommunication which arise from different railway systems, we shall have one unified State whose custom-houses will only be found at its ports and whose means of intercourse will rapidly tend to amalgamate as they simplify. In fiscal matters a United Australia must result in a great lightening of the taxpayers' burden. The unification of the colonies will mean the unification of their various debts and, as the credit of one great Commonwealth will be, according to all experience, accepted as superior to that of its members, we may expect that interest will sink at least 1 per cent. This will mean, according to the most reliable calculations, a saving of from one to two millions sterling a year to the Australian taxpayers. Thus, arguing on the most material grounds, the gain to Australia is clear. But from other points of view we anticipate the best results. The greatest danger which appears to beset Australia in the future is the tendency of her politics to approximate towards the American rather than the English type. This is a danger from which the very proximity of the great example to be avoided has hitherto in great measure preserved Canada, but it is a danger to which all democratic communities are exposed, especially those where the issues to be dealt with are provincial in scope. The larger the stage on which they are called to play their part, the higher the probability that the statesmen will be found to fit the occasion. The man must be fastidious indeed in his ambition who cannot find satisfaction in shaping the destinies of a continent. If the wider opportunities now offered to intellect and energy should draw into politics a class which has hitherto stood aloof, this Bill will have conferred no less a boon on the Empire than on Australia. For undoubtedly the degeneration which threatens, or has befallen, all democratic Governments to-day results from the absorption of power by the political machine and its manipulators. For this reason we regret that mutual jealousies have prevented the colonies from fixing on Sydney or Melbourne as the capital of the Federation. Such self-abnegation is perhaps more than could reasonably have been expected from colonial human nature, and yet it was so obviously the best thing to do for the future of the continent that we could almost have hoped that patriotism might have sufficiently stimulated magnanimity. As it is the result must inevitably be that some obscure and inoffensive township which arouses no jealousies but which awakes no enthusiasm will become the seat of Government. It will probably exist for and by politicians only, and accordingly can hardly have many charms as a place of residence. We greatly fear that what is gained in the magnitude of the political issues will be lost to some extent in the locality where the game is played. In the United States, both Federal politics and those of individual States suffer from the fact that they have to be carried on as a rule in towns which have only come into existence ad hoc, and have no other claim to recognition either as centres of intellectual, social, or business life. How much of the interest taken by the best class of minds in this country in politics would evaporate, if the political centre were to be transferred from London to some obscure provincial town! It may be hoped that common sense may in time cause Australian political activity to gravitate towards some acknowledged centre of national life.

So far as Imperial interests are concerned, Federation should remove many difficulties. It will obviously simplify negotiations on matters of common concern, that the Colonial Office should have to deal with one Ministry rather than half a dozen, and the question of defence against possible aggression will find the solution it has long sought without an entirely satisfactory issue. It is worth recollecting that the movement which has culminated in the present Bill arose out of the scare which followed in 1890 after Sir Bevan Edwards' report on the defenceless condition of the Australian continent. This scare Sir Henry Parkes, as a correspondent points out in another column, adroitly employed to form a new agitation for a federal union. Mr. Chamberlain

did more than justice to that very well-known politician; and earlier pioneers in the cause are lost to fame, for want of anyone to sing their praises.

Not the least good which may accrue to the Empire at large is the possible evolution of a school of statesmen in all its divisions worthy to deal with the greatest affairs. Canada has already produced two at least in Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. We trust that Australia may do the same. Close association with diplomatic necessities tends to eliminate the tendency to a dictatorial and peremptory attitude which is the mark of provincialism. The most serious problem of all which arises from the Federation of our colonies and the approach of a Federation of the Empire, is whether closer associations with the Mother Country will render the colonies more aristocratic or the United Kingdom more democratic. We observe that Mr. Deakin has, in characteristically intrepid fashion, assured the London correspondent of the "Temps" that the solution will be found in universal home rule and democracy. Burke has truly said that you cannot argue with a prophet but, if the element which Mr. Deakin calls "English Conservatism," and by which we apprehend he means the English respect for tradition, should in truth cease to play its part in the growth of the Empire, then we could feel by no means so hopeful of its future as we do at present. Fortunately there is good reason to anticipate that the attraction of the Mother Country may prove the regulating force in the Imperial system which shall check the exuberance of its less experienced and less responsible members.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THE war news continues satisfactory. The end is perceptibly approaching, although it is hopeless as yet to hazard a guess where the next Boer stand may be, or when the war will really be over. At various times we have heard much as to dissensions between the two Republics, and now at last we have it on Lord Roberts' authority that these rumours contain much truth. So it is reasonable to suppose that in the forthcoming Transvaal campaign we shall have against us men of the northern Republic alone. The long silence as regards Natal has been broken. Sir Redvers Buller—in accordance with his instructions to keep the Boers occupied in the Biggarsberg—concentrated on the 11th, the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, the 2nd Division and some Artillery at Sunday's River Drift—eighteen miles from Ladysmith—on the Helpmakaar road. Colonel Bethune's Mounted Infantry advanced eastwards at the same time, and on the 12th reached Pomeroy, on which day also the main body of the army reached Waschbank. Further reinforcements were sent up the following day, and then Colonel Bethune attacked the Boers. Thereupon the latter abandoned a position which they had entrenched strongly, and retired to the Nek in front of Helpmakaar. The summit of the Berg was gained with little loss, owing largely to admirable leading on the part of brigade commanders. During the night of the 13th-14th, the Boers evacuated their position on Helpmakaar Nek, and left but a rearguard to oppose our advance. This was gradually driven back, but with considerable difficulty. The enemy in their retreat had fired the grass on the Berg which rendered them practically invisible. The infantry eventually were halted at Beith. On the evening of the same day Lord Dundonald reported that he had driven the rearguard on to their main body at Zuralinden. However owing to some skilful manœuvring round their left flank, the Boers retired. Sir Redvers Buller records his appreciation of the admirable pursuit conducted by Lord Dundonald's force, which in one day marched forty miles in a waterless country. By the 15th Dundee was once more in our hands, 2,500 of the enemy having left there the day before for Glencoe, whence they entrained northwards. Their wagons also left on the same day, and according to native accounts they were proceeding in the direction of Laing's Nek. While these events were taking place on the right of Sir Redvers Buller's army, General Hildyard with the 5th Division advanced from

Elandslaagte and occupied Indoda Mountain. By the 14th Wessel's Nek—twenty miles south of Glencoe—was occupied. Arrived there General Hildyard commenced repairing the line, and up to this point trains are now running. On the 16th Glencoe was occupied—a result largely due to the hard work accomplished by the 5th Division, which during the preceding days had done much in the matter of marching, mountain-climbing and road-making. The division is now echeloned between Glencoe and Elandslaagte. The Biggarsberg range is clear of the Boers, and their numbers in the Drakensberg are largely reduced. The commandoes from Carolina, Lydenberg and Pretoria have retreated northwards, and their guns and ambulances were away by the 15th.

That these excellent results were achieved with so little opposition is no doubt largely due to the successful advance of our main army in the Free State. On the 11th Lord Roberts' headquarters had advanced with General Pole-Carew's division, and were then at Geneva Siding—fourteen miles from Kroonstad, where the Boers were holding an entrenched position. General Gordon's cavalry brigade were in touch with the latter, and Generals Tucker and Ian Hamilton were then close by. On the night of the 12th-13th the Boers evacuated their first line of entrenchments, and on the 11th General French captured a drift on the Valsche River. Thus on the 12th Kroonstad was occupied by Lord Roberts without opposition. Mr. Steyn fled the day before after a vain endeavour to persuade his burghers to continue the struggle. Lord Roberts' headquarters are therefore now within 160 miles of Pretoria, and within eighty of the Transvaal frontier. The rapidity with which he and Sir Redvers Buller have been able to strike and move shows the wisdom of that long period of inactivity which proved so trying to the patience of the man in the street. General Rundle's subsidiary campaign seems to have been conducted with conspicuous ability. Presumably he has under him besides his own division, General Brabant's Colonial division and General Chermiside's division. Advancing from Thabanchu on a very extended front, he appears to have been successful in driving before him all those Boers who had returned South. On the 15th he occupied Mequatling's Nek and Modder-Poort without opposition. Not the least of the good he has achieved is the protection which he has afforded the right flank of Lord Roberts' lines of communication. We know nothing of the disposition of the remaining divisions—those of Generals Kelly-Kenny and Colville. Probably one at least of them remains at Bloemfontein. Of Lord Kitchener's whereabouts, too, we know as little. In the West General Hunter has entered the Transvaal, and on the 16th occupied Christiana—twenty miles north-east of Warrenton—without opposition. The main Boer army, therefore, threatened from the South, the East, and the West, should before long be in a desperate situation. Conflicting rumours have reached us regarding Mafeking. Reports speak highly of the forces General Carrington has under his command.

It is lamentable that undoubted instances of Boer treachery are still of almost everyday occurrence. Such incidents unhappily cannot fail to intensify that feeling of race hatred which is already prevalent in South Africa. The difficulties with which our generals and troops are confronted are even now hardly realised. The advantages conferred on a belligerent by fighting without uniform are incalculable. Indeed frequently, when generals have been blamed for allowing a defeated enemy to escape—which in truth the Boers on almost every occasion have done—that result has in many cases been attributable to the members of a Boer commando converting themselves temporarily into harmless civilians.

CAUCUS CHRISTIANITY.

"MR. PEEL has replied to questions put to him by the Manchester Protestant Thousand. He is not in favour of granting State aid of any description for the furtherance of Ritualistic or Romish objects." We do not quote these words from any sense of the importance of Mr. Peel's ecclesiastical opinions, nor on

the other hand from any particular desire to combat them. They serve as a practical illustration of the latest and worst form of the particularist trend of English politics. We have to thank the genius of militant Protestantism for lowering religion to the level of the caucus. Long since a party in the strictest and unworthiest sense of the term, a party accustomed to trick itself out in all the trappings of political warfare, rejoicing in demonstrations, canvassers, caucuses, thousands, five hundreds, vans, and so forth, these charming religionists have now crowned their efforts with a plan, which, not merely imitating the worst ways of the wirepuller, actually makes the most sacred things part and parcel of political campaigns. Having mapped out the country into Protestant caucuses, they propose to confront every candidate for Parliament with a series of questions, which he is to answer in the sense which they desire, or incur their organised hostility, entirely irrespective of any other opinion he may or may not hold. For these people the affairs of state have no interest, patriotism has no meaning; the only test of a candidate is his willingness to join them in the damnation of High Churchmen. Any but strong and even brutal language would be out of place in describing these people's attitude. Not that we are here in the least concerned with their theological views or their ecclesiastical standpoint. It is their method of promoting their views with which we are concerned and very much concerned; for it seems to us that such a device must be deeply injurious to politics and disastrous to religion. And it is certain that the disease will spread; the example will be followed. We can very easily conceive a Churchman of the opposite school staking all his political influence on a candidate's preference of a black stole or of a coloured one. At present, however, it must be said for High Churchmen that they have not reduced themselves to a political party of the caucus pattern. In all these politico-theological movements, it is the Protestant party who have been the aggressors. But the others are certain to follow, unless the public intervene and with a strong hand suppress this last extravagance.

Suppose the Church caucus system to spread. The unfortunate candidate will have the Protestant pistol at one ear, the Ritualist, perhaps we should say, the "Catholic" pistol at the other. The Protestant one thousand will tell him that if he does not vote for the extermination of High Churchmen, they will vote to a man for his opponent; the "Catholic" eight hundred will assure him that if he does not vote for the extirpation of Protestants, they will withdraw the whole of their support. The candidate, feeling that he could be happy enough with either, and still happier with neither, will all too probably be guided by a calculation of the numbers on each side. If they are evenly divided, or he cannot come to a conclusion which is the stronger, he may take refuge in a denial of religious or ecclesiastical views of any kind. Whether our religious fanatics would prefer such a negative attitude in our public men, to a positively religious position not on all fours with their own, we do not know. We have certainly seen manifestos of Protestant societies showing a tenderness to Agnostics and Secularists, in marked contrast to the righteous repugnance they displayed towards "sacerdotalists." But whatever the interrogators might think, we know very well what the effect on the religion of the country must be. Englishmen do not love ecclesiastical controversy; they are averse to theological speculation even of the most legitimate, indeed, the most necessary and elevated kind. They will put up with it, if it justifies itself by the speculators' conduct. But once bring these high, delicate, and difficult issues to the level of political wirepulling, make them haunt the public on the platform, in the popular press, at the polling booth, and the English public will rise and find some means of sweeping these issues aside; and who shall say what will go with them? Indignant contempt cannot be too great for the infinite littleness of view that can let a Christian, no matter what his communion, run the risk of precipitating holy things into the vortex of common politics. If a man has in him any fineness of spirit, he will rather give up very much than profane his faith with the touch of the electioneer. There are matters affect-

ing religion, matters of religious externals, which may and must come within the politician's view: matters of ecclesiastical organisation, of endowments, of the State connexion. But the questions which these Low Church and High Church caucuses would thrust on to the platform are not of that class. They are peculiarly matters of sacred solemnity; to many they are mysteries; they centre round the Sacraments.

This Christian caucus movement plainly could never have developed itself but for the existence of the Church Association and the English Church Union. It would not be easy to exaggerate the harm done by these two bodies; they are at once the incubators and the asylums of ecclesiastical partisanship. Differing schools of thought within the Anglican Church there must be, but there need not be political parties; and, as Lord Hugh Cecil shows in his essay in Mr. Henson's* recently published "Church Problems," without these two organisations there would not be Church parties in England. If the Bishop of London's round table conference wants to distinguish itself by doing some good, let the representatives of the two parties agree on the suppression of their respective organisations. In that they have a tangible programme; though we cannot say we are hopeful of any so happy a result. But could not Her Majesty's Government step in? Many less hurtful organisations have been suppressed by Government before now. We suggest to Catholic and Protestant "thousands" that for their lists of questions they substitute this simple formula:—"Will you vote for the suppression of the Church Association and the English Church Union?"

CYCLISTS AND THE RAILWAY COMPANIES.

IT is seldom that a deputation has the satisfaction of entire agreement with its views as the deputation of cyclists heard from the President of the Board of Trade. Yet only two years ago the assembled railway managers at the Clearing House informed the delegates of the Cyclists' Touring Club that any reduction in the rates for conveyance of cycles was impracticable. An ill-advised contention of the National Cyclists' Union that under the existing law cycles should be charged as personal luggage was foredoomed to failure. A vehicle which had in more than one case been held to be a carriage when used upon the road and had been expressly placed by statute for special purposes under the designation of a carriage, could scarcely have much claim to pass as personal luggage in a railway van. But it is characteristic of the public action of the two leading cycling associations that they deliver frontal attacks upon the strongest points held by the adversary and have never attempted to force a way where there could obviously be but slight resistance. Meanwhile the railway companies have continued to charge for cycles as a special class of goods and neglected to provide any special accommodation. The fares charged are peculiarly vexatious when applied to very short or very long distances, and the companies appear to have striven to keep cycles out of all their express trains and to discourage them in suburban traffic. Invariably railway companies assume an unpleasant attitude when a machine has been damaged or lost under their charge; they invoke the most drastic conditions to protect themselves, and assuming apparently that the average traveller is a fool and is frightened by mere insistence, they refuse to compensate the unlucky owner and make equitable payment. It would be considered by most people sufficient evidence of negligence to crowd delicate machinery unprotected into a luggage van in the company of constantly shifting stacks of boxes, trunks and even heavier articles. But cycles are refused any better accommodation and a special payment is demanded which in such circumstances is a tyrannous use of a monopolist advantage. Some attempts it is true have been made to invent special contrivances for holding cycles firmly and packing them safely in vans, but none have proved satisfactory, and certainly none are in general

* "Church Problems." Edited by the Rev. H. Hensley Henson. London: Murray. 1900. 12s. net.

use on any railway. The main objection to all schemes for packing cycles in vans is that the floor space is occupied and luggage cannot be placed above or below the machines.

The North-Eastern Railway Company deserve the credit of being the first to introduce tickets for rider and cycle, which have removed the danger of the bicycle being misappropriated en route, the machine being numbered to correspond with the ticket issued, and have reduced the cost of transit to the cyclist. One of the objects of the Metropolitan District Association of the Cyclists' Touring Club has been to introduce and popularise this excellent system in London. The same Association has pressed upon the railway companies the necessity of better cloak-room accommodation, which at London termini and at all metropolitan and suburban stations is lamentably deficient. Charing Cross, Fenchurch Street, and London Bridge are glaring instances. Proper cloak-room accommodation is one of those "reasonable facilities" which by the Railway and Canal Traffic Act a company is bound to afford to persons using its line, and to charge not less than 4d. when a machine is left only for a few hours is simply extortion. A fixed amount of 2d. per day would be a quite sufficient charge. Facilities for season tickets in cloak rooms are also much needed in suburban districts. The South-Western Company used to offer a quarterly cloak-room ticket at 7s. 6d., but this concession was withdrawn; and the other lines when they do offer these facilities do so under restrictions that render the privilege of no effect.

Then there is the question of special cyclist trains or tickets, a want particularly felt on Sunday. The example recently set by the Brighton line ought to be followed by all the railways. The system of zone tickets was recognised first by the Great Northern Company who introduced the C. T. ticket to enable the cyclist to travel to one station and return from any other within a given distance. The single ticket inclusive of passenger and cyclist issued at a reduced rate has proved of great benefit, and is now being tried by the Great Eastern Railway on a series of tours devised by a cycling committee.

Suggestions have been made regarding suburban trains, where the vans are usually empty and there is little pressure of passengers' luggage, that the minimum of 6d. should be reduced to 3d. for six miles and under. This has met with uncompromising hostility. The result is that there must be all round reduction or better accommodation must be afforded. Obviously it is unfair to treat a valuable and delicate piece of mechanism as unceremoniously as a tin box at the same time that the owner is mulcted in extra charge for its conveyance. Many of the railway companies decline to convey a cycle unless the owner signs a contract note exempting them from all liability. It is unnecessary to discuss the legal validity of this contract; in any case it is oppressive. There is no reason why the Continental system of booking a cycle should not prevail in England, a small fee being sufficient to frank the machine over any distance. It is practicable abroad on railways which pay dividends and if the adoption of it here would entail additional expenditure on the companies in fresh vans, longer trains, more accommodation, the answer is that they have for years, many years, made a good thing out of cyclists and they must now take the lean years with the fat.

The pronouncement of Mr. Ritchie is the more important in that it was not sought by any specially important deputation. The National Cyclists' Union which appears to have been mainly responsible for the movement has figured more as a controller of race meetings than for touring or locomotion purposes, while the Cyclists' Touring Club was not represented. This is not merely regrettable; it is a mistake which deserves condemnation. Cyclists must present a united front to the railway companies in their proposals; any apparent disagreement in the two representative bodies, be it due to private jealousies or personal pique, is fatal. To speak frankly it is surprising that the Cyclists' Touring Club is not more active in these matters. It possesses an enormous revenue and many salaried officials and yet most of the work is done by the voluntary labour of members. Has ever an association in this country

obtained from the public a revenue of over £18,000 a year and done so little in return? All its road books, hotel appointments, and route information are due to the unpaid efforts of consuls and chief consuls, and the difficulty is to discover on what objects its funds are spent. If the policy indicated by Mr. Ritchie is to be pressed forward, it will be absolutely necessary for cyclists to form some fresh bond of association which may enable them to fight for better treatment and to enforce successfully a recognition of their just claims.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

THE origin of Punch, puppet and pantomime character, is, like the "buth" of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush, wrapped up "in a mistry." Isaac Disraeli in his "Curiosities of Literature" (Vol. II. *The Pantomimical Characters*) has some most curious and interesting remarks upon the tracing of all the modern pantomime characters to a Roman origin, the which tracing he by no means implicitly accepted. He writes thus of Punch. "Even *Pulcinella*, whom we familiarly call *Punch*, may receive, like other personages of not greater importance, all his dignity from antiquity; one of his Roman ancestors having appeared to an antiquary's visionary eye in a bronze statue; more than one erudite dissertation authenticates the family likeness; the nose long, prominent, and hooked; the staring goggle eyes; the hump at his back and at his breast; in a word, all the character which so strongly marks the *Punch*-race, as distinctly as whole dynasties have been featured by the Austrian lip and the Bourbon nose." In a note to this passage the author further informed his readers that "this statue . . . was discovered in 1727 and . . . is that of a Mime called Maccus by the Romans; the name indicates a simpleton [the modern *Punch* puppet is more of a rascal]. But the origin of the more modern name has occasioned a little difference, whether it is derived from the nose or its squeak. The learned Quadrio would draw the name *Pulcinello* from *Pulliceno*, which Spartianus used for *il pullo gallinaceo* (I suppose this to be the turkey-cock) because *Punch*'s hooked nose resembles its beak. But Baretti, in that strange book the 'Tolondron,' gives a derivative admirably descriptive of the peculiar squeaking nasal sound. He says '*Punchinello* or *Punch*, as you well know, speaks with a squeaking voice that seems to come out at his nose, because the fellow who in a puppet-show manages the puppet called *Punchinello*, or *Punch*, as the English folks abbreviate it, speaks with a tin whistle in his mouth, which makes him emit that comical kind of voice. But the English word *Punchinello* is in Italian *Pulcinella*, which means a *hen-chicken*. Chickens' voices are *squeaking* and *nasal*, and they are *timid* and *powerless*, and for this reason my whimsical countrymen have given the name of *Pulcinella*, or *hen-chicken*, to that comic character, to convey the idea of a man that speaks with a squeaking voice through his nose, to express a timid and weak fellow, who is always thrashed by the other actors, and always boasts of victory after they are gone.'"

Here do we see what a change has passed over the spirit of *Punch*'s dream. True, he still boasts, in the puppet-show, of conquests more or less visionary, but he now ruffles it in the spirit of Falstaff who, surely, was the reverse of timid, and beyond all doubt was not weak save in his too great love for "Wein, Weib, und Gesang." But of how many personages historical and fictional is not our present *Punch* an avatar? For the nose and for the adventurousness one readily thinks of Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac, with which remarkable personage the British Public at large has but lately made acquaintance. For the hump and malice, Richard III. at once suggests himself, and indeed, as was once pointed out in the paper which takes its name from the Anglicised Italian mime and puppet, there is a curious likeness between the plot of "Richard III." and that of *Punch and Judy*. The "removal" of the wife, the murder of the little Princes, the ghost-seeing horror of remorse, all even down to the anxiety about sound staves (compare Richard III.'s "See that my staves be sound and not

too heavy" with Punch's complete dependence on a good sound staff) is common with but slight difference of incident to the historical tragedy and to the puppet-show. Again, for mother-wit and, in the great fabulist's, perhaps mythical hump-backedness, Punch might be likened to Æsop, σοφοῖς μύθοις καὶ πλάσμασι καὶ φησὶ λέξας. Other similitudes might be found, but these may suffice, with the addition of the great mediæval legends of the devil outwitted which were to a certain extent crystallised in Goethe's *Faust*. In Marlowe and in the German and more often dialect-German *Faust* puppet-plays it will be remembered that the devil gets the best of it in the end. Hereby hangs a tale as to the modern Punch-and-Judy show. Some years ago a spectator, interested as all "hommes de bien" should be in a Punch-and-Judy show at a great watering-place, watched the performance through, and when it was over asked the exhibitor why he had introduced the heresy of substituting a very inefficient crocodile for the devil at the end of the play. To which the showman, far more in sorrow than in anger, replied, "Well, sir, I don't like it no more than you do. I know it's all wrong and hadn't ought to be. But, well, there you are. It's all along of them meddling curates!"

As is the many-sidedness of *Punch*, *Polichinelle*, *Pulcinella*, *Polichinela*, so is his ubiquity. One finds him in France, Italy, Spain, Turkey, and it may be yet farther east. In all, or most, of these countries however one hears nothing of *Judy*. Payne Collier, who described *Punch* as the Don Juan of the people, unearthed a ballad of date about 1790 in which *Judy* appears, possibly for the first time, as a victim to *Punch's* dissolute habits. At what period *Judy* became transformed into *Punch's* lawful wife, as badly treated as Lady Anne was by Richard III., it might be difficult if not impossible to discover. As to this shrewd and wicked puppet's universal popularity there is certainly no manner of doubt. M. Magnin ended his very interesting book on Marionettes (Michel Lévy, 1852) with these words. "Et chez nous ne serait-il pas à propos de réveiller un peu Polichinelle? N'aurait-il plus rien à nous apprendre? . . . Surtout ne dites point qu'il est mort. Polichinelle ne meurt pas. — Vous en doutez? Vous ne savez donc point ce que c'est que Polichinelle? C'est le bon sens populaire, c'est la saillie alerte, c'est le rire incompressible. Oui, Polichinelle rira, chantera, sifflera, tant qu'il y aura par le monde des vices, de la folie, des ridicules. — Vous le voyez bien, Polichinelle n'est pas près de mourir. . . . Polichinelle est immortel!"

The biting satire indicated by M. Magnin is, to be sure, not to be found in the present-day performances of *Punch and Judy*, but then everyone who loves a good rattling melodrama with plenty of comic relief must surely love that great performance. Was it not the one thing in which John Leech's "used-up man" and his equally used-up friends found themselves able to take a lively interest? All these things being so it was surely natural that a certain lover of *Punch and Judy* should have wished to look a little further into its mysteries than most people do by ascertaining the compass of the vocabulary of *Punch*-exhibitors, of which a few words are known to a good many people. This reminds me that once I was walking with one who, alas! has but lately left us, a brilliant and learned critic of more than one art, a brilliant talker, and the truest of friends. I stopped, as he of course also did, to look for awhile at a *Punch and Judy* show. When he went on I stayed behind a moment to say a word or two in *Punch*-language to the exhibitor. I rejoined "R. A. M. S." (Robert Stevenson), for he it was, with apology and explanation. Whereon in his own vein of humour, he said that I had rudely shattered a delightful fantasy. He had supposed that the *Punch*-man and I were both members of some widespread secret society, and was in the midst of a day-dream about it when I awakened him.

But to the language itself. Students of Romany, bastard Romany, and the slang of "the road" generally will find some interest in a list furnished to a friend who handed it on to me by a "swatchel-cove" or peregrinating *Punch*-exhibitor. The show generally is known as *swatchel*. The Show-Frame is *Pulsusaki*.

When the framework is put together the upper part is called *top roundings*, the bottom part containing the man who works the puppets or dolls is called *bottom-roundings*. The stage is the *play board*, the bag for collecting money is the *hobbling slum*, the "call" is the *slum*, the instrument to produce it the *fake*. The drum is the *tambour*, the panpipes are the *peepsies*. The dolls and "properties" used in the show go by these names. *Punch*—*Swashell*, *Judy*—*Moszy*, *Nigger*—*Darky*, *Clown*—*Vampo*, *Ghost*—*Vampire*, *Dog-owner*—*Buffer*, *Dog*—*Buffer* or *Juckal* [Juckal is good Romany], *Coffin*—*Slum-fake*, *Fighting-men*—*Scrappers*, *Demon*—*Crocodile* [cf. the story given above of the "swatchel-cove" and the curates], *Gallows*—*Stalk* or *Prop*. The terms for money are not, I think, peculiar to the *Punch* profession, and certain other terms are well known to students of a certain kind of stage-slang. Money is *Dinorle* or *Messers*. Sums from a farthing upwards are thus translated.

1d.	<i>Quarterine</i> .
2d.	<i>Mezzo Solde</i> .
1d.	<i>Solde</i> .
2d.	<i>Due Solde</i> .
3d.	<i>Tre Solde</i> .
4d.	<i>Quarte Solde</i> .
5d.	<i>Chickwa</i> (clearly cinque) <i>Solde</i> .

So with 6d., 7d., 8d., 9d., which are respectively *Sei Solde*, *Setter Solde*, *Oddo Solde*, and *Novo Solde*. 10d. is *Deger Solde*, 11d. *Long Deger*, 1s. is *Beunc*, 5s. *Chickwa Beunc*, 10s. *Mezzo Ponte*, 15s. *Chickwa Beunc Mezzo Ponte*, and £1 *Ponte*.

From a list of other words and phrases the following may be selected. "When" said the *Swatchel-Cove* "we meet a *gorgio* [here is Romany again] we call him a *Flatter Homo*. *Man* by itself is oddly enough home. Both words are the same obviously as "omy" in the phrase usual among some player-folk "the omy of the casa"—the man of the house. An umbrella is *Mash*, a public-house *Bery Case*, a street *Yui*, tobacco *Fogarle*, a cigar-end *Snout*, cards *Broads*, dominoes *Thumpers*, and police, *Charpinome*. This is a curious vocabulary enough, and not the least curious part of it is the quantity of bastard Italian it contains, in common with the kind of stage-slang referred to above. For Mr. C. G. Leland (Hans Breitmann) in his delightful book "The Gypsies" tells how he once met a beggar-tramp and addressed him in Romany. "Of course he knew a little of it; was there ever an old 'traveller' who did not? 'But we are givin' Romanes up very fast, all of us is,' he remarked. 'It is a-gettin' to be too blown. Everybody knows some Romanes now. . . . Back slang an' cantin' an' rhymin' is grown vulgar, and Italian always was the lowest of the lot; thieves' kennick is genteel alongside of organ-grinders' lingo. Do you know anythin' of Italian, sir?' 'I can rakker it pretty flick' (talk it tolerably) was my reply. 'Well, I should never a penned' (thought) 'sitch a swell gent as you had been down so low in the slums.' 'Rakker, flick, and penned are all good Romany. However, since all "travellers" except "swatchel-coves" hold Italian in such profound contempt, how comes it that these artists retain so much of it? It is a question not easy to answer, but be that as it may let us hope with M. Magnin that "Polichinelle est immortel!"

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

THE GROWTH OF THE GARDEN.*

IF proof were wanted of the widespread interest in horticulture that is now so keenly alive throughout the British Islands, it might be found in the quantity of horticultural literature almost daily produced. But no one seeks a proof because the sentiment itself is all-pervading; and well it is that it should be so, for of all special interests—all the hobbies if you will—that

* "The Century Book of Gardening." Edited by E. T. Cook. London: George Newnes. 1900. 18s.

"The Book of Gardening." Edited by W. D. Drury. London: Upcott Gill. 1900. 16s. net.

"The Amateur's Practical Garden-Book." By C. E. Hunn and L. H. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1900. 3s. 6d. net.

"Carnations and Picotees." By W. H. Weguelin. London: Newnes. 1900. 3s. 6d.

can implant themselves in the human mind, there is none so sane and wholesome as that of gardening; none that repays with so rich a reward of interest and of happiness the thought and effort of mind and body that may be given to it.

Never before has gardening been so widely practised, or so gratefully recognised as a source of pleasure of one of the best and purest kinds, and only of late years have we begun to learn how endless is the happy field of labour open to all who love flowers well enough to be willing to study the best ways of using them. The further such study goes the wider becomes the outlook, so that when certain principles are mastered and a certain dexterity is acquired, a dexterity of mind—not of hand only—then it may be that gardening rises to a fine art, whatever may be the style or manner in which it is practised. For when a good knowledge of the now immense range of available material is stored in the mind, there is no place or garden space or breadth of landscape that will not call forth the special group of known facts that will best enable it to be dealt with. It may be an old garden, once beautiful but now fallen into ruin and decay. Here the problem will be how to give it back its ancient character of peace and beauty. It may be the space immediately about some ancient dwelling, or a modern dwelling adapted from some older remains. Here the problem is different though nearly allied to the other, and while it calls forth the same branch of horticultural knowledge, its practice will demand certain modifications to fit the special case.

Gardening in England has passed through many phases, the earliest being a direct growth from some simple need, whose expression was called forth by circumstances created by national pressure or private will. The earliest gardens were those of the monks, mainly for food products and wine and vinegar; a few flowers only being grown for use at church festivals. Out of these grew the enclosed gardens of the barons, when every great country house was a castle of defence. Even then the need was felt of the garden for quiet rest and pleasure, and here it took the form of the lady's bower. Later from Italy came some guiding motives of wider expansion; expansion made possible by the quieting of the country after the wars of the Roses. The Tudor gardens of England were still walled or bounded by the walled moat, or thickly hedged with yew. Latest of all came the garden that invited the companionship of the outer landscape or that gave way by degrees into woodland. And as the garden grew and took its appointed place in human life, so also grew the knowledge of the almost infinitely various ways in which it might be treated and enjoyed and fitted to individual liking; and so it is that all the gardens now existing, whether old or new, show the stamp of some accepted style, made clear by some strong individual intelligence; sometimes that of the original designer, but more often and more helpfully by that of master or gardener of special taste and ability.

It is only within the last thirty years that a wholesome reaction has taken place from the paralysing effect of the bedding system that had so long prevailed; a system that, growing out of the parterre of the Italian garden (and there absolutely right), had invaded all England and had almost banished the lilies and roses and irises and many another charming flower from our garden borders. Happily we are now free from the ravages of this horticultural epidemic which raged for a full half century, and the bedding method of gardening is now used soberly and in its place, having yielded for the most part to the wider and better ways of horticulture and the well-considered use of the immense number of flowering plants and shrubs and trees that are now to be had.

"The Century Book of Gardening" deals largely with these plants, and the lavish quantity of illustration, by way of the best class of reproduction from photography, shows how they may be used, in restoration of the older practice, widened by the increase of modern material, while it is none the less a complete practical book of gardening in every other way. A student of horticulture and garden design may also gather from its pictured pages a complete history of English gardening, and cannot fail to notice how important a part is

played by that fine native tree the yew; for in some of the older of the gardens figured the yews are doubtless of the same age as the weather-worn masonry. It is just some of these same old pleasure-grounds that are the most grateful for the return to the better ways of gardening and for the use of the hosts of noble flowers of recent introduction, as well as for the restoration of the pure white lily and the stately hollyhock and the many-coloured blossoms of the flower-de-luce.

One of the best chapters in the "Book of Gardening" is that on flowering shrubs. This book also is full of illustration, but of a mixed character of good and indifferent wood-blocks (including a proportion of well-known catalogue cuts), and of mechanical reproduction from various mediums. It will however be found useful by many. GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THE ACADEMY.

II.—"THE POOR MAN'S TEA."

THE motto still lingering in my head, I determined to search for some of the great polished things it led one to expect.

I found surprisingly few works whose execution could be called polished; among the Academicians themselves only the President and Sir L. Alma Tadema appear to aim at this quality; indeed I began to think that some other quality had been intended, such as painting of detail regardless of the paint; but I did finally light upon an example of high polish combined with minute finish. This masterpiece hangs on the same wall as Mr. Sargent's "Venetian Interior" and is called "The Poor Man's Tea." I was not alone in admiring it. A voice beside me softly said "Be-yootiful," and I found a nice old gentleman, all his native-born reserve broken down in a flush of enthusiasm, claiming my sympathy. "That's beautiful," he repeated, "too good for a *hand-painting*. It's been photographed first." In this he was evidently mistaken. Not to mention other difficulties, the teapot, the butter, the text on the wall and everything in this still-life was executed with a strenuously equal definition which no camera could ever give, any more than a natural human view of the tea would give it: only a mind perverted by an overpowering aesthetic impulse could have pursued the heart-breaking details of this tea after such a fashion. Such impulses are none the less real for having the results that stupidity might be thought capable of bringing about unaided. The view of the subject was in itself perfectly dull. There was nothing in it to bribe the eye; no arrangement, selection, subordinating or expressive treatment attenuated or made a virtue of the dismal facts. But there was a determination to pursue this horrid little tea down to its meanest details, and *all the while keep the painting polished*. The polish was not, to another eye, more agreeable than the tea, but it was an ideal of a kind. Yet in the very moment of triumph this ideal suffered a bitter rebuff. Here was a painter who in pursuit of his one ideal, polish, had shut out all that ordinarily occupies a painter, namely, the gathering of an aspect from what he sees, by sweeping a number of facts together, putting one for two, for three, for four, by giving emphasis to the important facts and gliding over the tiresome, by the creation of a pattern more lucid simple and paint-inviting than the pattern of the things before him. The sad objects forming this tea, seen by Chardin in a cunning dream-image, a give-and-take of them and of his paint, might have made a lovely picture. But the author, if I understand him aright, would consider that treatment of objects meretricious. Polish—that indulgence he allows, or rather by the casuistry of art imposes upon himself; the rest must be imitation without interpretation. But this plain austere method was doomed to collapse. Among the tea-things was a letter, or printed paper,—I do not recollect which—and when the writing or printing came to be copied the direct imitative method suddenly broke down, ceased to be possible for the physical powers of the paint brush and the paint, and a smudge of tone took the place of lettering. Forced thus into the rendering of aspects instead of particular things, forced into the art of painting, the artist I suppose felt like a traitor. I

picture him passing sleepless nights during which he reasons, "If I had used a field-glass and a strong lens and the very finest sables, perhaps I might after all have copied those letters." So speaks his Conscience, and then his Taste replies, "But it would have been extremely difficult, perhaps impossible to keep the surface polished." There to insoluble debate we must leave him, with that smudge of tone, that little bit of interpretation cleaving like a wedge between his conscience and his taste. The value of his case lies in its simplicity and purity; it explains cases more obscure because more sophisticated; it gives us a clue to the work of painters like Sir Edward Poynter and Sir L. Alma Tadema. At bottom, their attitude towards painting must be the same as that of the author of the "Poor Man's Tea." Painting is to them not an art of invention in vision, of design in aspects. Like him, they do admit the idea of translation, the claims of paint, in the pursuit of abstract polish—the whole tea is rendered in terms of its butter—but between this technical ideal of finish and the neat copying, piece by piece of objects, the region is very blank in which the painter's invention proper ordinarily works. Lapses occur, as they must; but their occasion is sedulously avoided. This kind of painting would collapse at once before the most ordinary problems of landscape: minute imitation can do nothing with a tree; some kind of interpretation must be invented for that as for all objects in their detail innumerable. It must be for this reason that we find those painters so constantly secluded in the bath-room. Quantities of little marble tesserae, architectural surfaces and fittings are the very material for the patient scrupulous copying of objects one by one. But there is another reason. The author of "The Poor Man's Tea" was driven by his pure, almost savage aestheticism to exclude all extra interests, all that lay outside his art of simple imitation and polish. Those other painters cannot endure an art so bare. The commonness and ugliness of the objects on the tea-table revolt them; inventive treatment of such things is, as we have seen, shut out; but a feeling persists that invention should play some part in painting. Invention accordingly goes to work in substituting objects agreeable and pretty in themselves for the ugly teapot and the other things. The result is what we might call the Rich Man's or Cultivated Man's Tea, or better still the Scholar's Bath. Sir L. Alma Tadema's art gives us a collection of things interesting and agreeable in themselves to look at; there is besides this the skilful copying to admire and the neat finish. It is really remarkable how much pleasure this curious art sometimes gives. I very much prefer Sir Edward Poynter's "Mrs. Murray Gilchrist" to all the sham or incompetent interpretative art in the Academy. It seemed to me after Mr. Sargent's works one of the most agreeable objects among the portraits. It has been objected that the figure is wanting in life and vivacity. That of course is true; in this sort of still-life painting one must look on human figures as a kind of china copied under the same conditions as the other objects. This figure had a perfectly unreal look; but the colours of its china and the metal of the dress were matched against a very well chosen green stuff in the chair. It may be argued that accident rather than design was responsible for this, because Sir Edward's colour is not usually agreeable. I prefer to give him credit for the research that brought the lady and the chair together; a critic ought not to enjoy these illicit pleasures and say nothing about them.

Few exhibitors in the Academy are simple enough in nature to follow the method of "The Poor Man's Tea;" if there were a confessional for painters the majority might be forced to admit that this was for them the honest and faithful manner of representing things; as it is they are adherents of borrowed and imperfectly comprehended methods of interpretation. Those who have honestly come by an aspect of nature not quite elementary are fewer still. Mr. Orchardson is evidently one of them, his defects as well as his qualities are traceable to their root in a vision that selects. Mr. Orchardson's painting is of the nature of remarks made upon an object; to make these remarks he must establish the whole object after a fashion, but it is for the sake of these remarks; and his instinct is for a roomy,

indeterminate space out of which, here and there, some charming detail shall be coaxed, by caressing touches, into being. But curiously tied up with this exquisite in Mr. Orchardson, is a more ordinary kind of mortal, a clever illustrator who can stage a sentimental incident tellingly. In "Windsor Castle, 1899" it is perforce the more ordinary artist who comes to the front; on this vast scale the general flimsiness declares itself rather than particular subtleties, and the heads detach like pale lanterns floating in space. The characteristic delicacies would be lost at such a distance if they existed in their usual intensity, but the painter has evidently been more occupied in flattering character away than in the delighted observation of his "Sir Walter Gilbey."

Among the few triumphs of interpretation at the Academy I should rank Mr. Mark Fisher's "The Bathers" (1023). I am surprised that it has attracted so little notice, for it takes place in my memory after the Sargents. It is better composed than the New Gallery piece, but in other respects is the same picture. When the tufty, broken character of the material is considered, impossible to render by any piecemeal imitation, the cunning may be measured that gives this illusion of summer glancing on trees, grass and water and the moving bodies of the bathers. Here we are at the other end of the world from the still-life of the tea-cups.

Mr. Clausen, Mr. Stott and Mr. La Thangue are deservedly singled out now by all writers on the Academy for men who pursue their art with some real gift and devotion. Mr. Clausen's "Solitude" remains in my memory as the most satisfying of their pictures this year. Something of solemnity hangs in this evening, through whose thick air a last flush of cloud trails over the stack and farm buildings and faintly reflecting water. The "Dark Barn" throbs with close observation in all its dusty tones, but so anxious that one feels the strained vision might presently declare green to be purple and black white. In the other pieces, the observation of patches of sunlight with its complements and reflections actually seems to detach itself from the whole, notably in the study of a girl's head under trees. Here the reflected greens are hunted out on the face in a spirit quite different from the tight underlying drawing of the head; so that they look like patches of local colour; only a part of the seeing and drawing has been revised under this strange light. Mr. La Thangue, like Mr. Clausen, strives to get rid of an old formality of drawing, but his later style also lacks flexibility, tending to a wispy hatching across the forms. This mannerism declares itself when he turns from landscape to portrait. The passage to the right of the road in his "Water Plash" strikes a clearer note of sunlight than I remember in his work, which is dogged by a tone of blackish purple. The size of the "Dawn" is much more the size of the subject than the huge figure pieces of late years. Mr. Stott captures something of the fugitive phosphorescent-looking lustres of after-sunset landscape, but the landscape and figures are so uncertainly constructed that one trembles for the future. The sensibility is rare, and the support of such sensibility by the necessary science rarer still. A landscape by Mr. José Weiss, "September on the Arun (372)," hung rather high, seemed to deserve mention among the best things in the exhibition.

D. S. M.

LORD HOPETOUN'S UNSTRENGTHENED HANDS.

"LORD HUGH CECIL (Greenwich) deprecated a division, and was speaking at midnight when the debate stood adjourned." Thus ended that historic discussion which followed the rising of Mr. S. Smith (Flintshire) "to call attention to the low class of plays now exhibited in some of the theatres of this country, and to move:—'That this House . . . growing tendency . . . demoralising character . . . stricter supervision . . . interest of the public and'" all the rest of it. Unversed in the sinuous and elusive forms of our Senate, I supposed at first that "adjourned" implied "to be resumed." I am told that I was wrong. It seems that our senators have exhausted their

talent for dramatic criticism, and dare not formulate in academic judgment their airy impressions. Thalia and Melpomene will not, after all, be summoned to the Bar of the House. I am very sorry for Lord Hopetoun. He, in private conversation with Sir Matthew White Ridley, seems to have hinted "that a debate on the subject, and an expression of opinion by that House that there were certain things that might be checked with advantage, would greatly strengthen his hands." The language of a Lord Chamberlain, filtered through a Home Secretary, cannot be so definitely expressive as one would wish. But it is easy to form some rough idea of what was in Lord Hopetoun's mind. He disapproved of some of the plays which he had been advised by the Censor to license, but he felt that if he had not licensed them the public would have been very angry. For the future, he wished not to license plays of which he disapproved; but he had no wish to expose himself unarmed to execration. If the elected representatives of the public would but say that the public had been degrading itself, then he would be able to do his duty—or what seemed to be his duty—with little or no discomfort. But, if a man be not strong enough to stand alone, he should rely on any support rather than that of the House of Commons, which is notoriously unkind. The debate about drama cropped up (thanks to Mr. S. Smith), but it did more harm than good to the cause at Lord Hopetoun's heart. Mr. S. Smith, who had never entered a playhouse, desired that the power of licensing should be given to the London County Council. Mr. T. P. O'Connor made an impassioned appeal for more "realism" on the stage. Mr. Gibson Bowles made some senatorial jokes. Mr. Birrell disapproved of any kind of Censorship. And so on, till the debate was allowed to end in its own smoke. A sad evening for Lord Hopetoun, who (I assume) was in the Peers' Gallery, clasping, in an agony of suspense, those hands which he had brought there to be strengthened!

I should have supposed that one man, at least, would stand by the Lord Chamberlain in his hour of need, and that this one man would be the Censor. But no! Mr. Redford, it seems, is at Brighton, and there he has been saying to the reporter of a daily paper things which must add much to his chief's embarrassment. Mr. Redford pooh-poohs the notion that the public ever delights in anything which could harm it. "Three plays," he admits, "may be considered more or less risky, and they are 'The Gay Lord Quex,' 'Nurse,' and 'Zaza.' First comes 'The Gay Lord Quex.' Are not the denunciations of it answered by the course of the play itself? It was written by the greatest of living dramatists, Mr. Pinero, produced by the most famous of comedians, Mr. Hare, and it scored the greatest success of the season." I will not insult Mr. Redford by assuming that he really believes Mr. Pinero to be the greatest of living dramatists, nor by assuming that he means (as his words imply) that he would probably, in the exercise of his duty, be harder on a play written and produced by obscure persons than on a play written and produced by popular, influential persons. What he means is that the long run of "The Gay Lord Quex" justifies him in having licensed it. In the case of "Nurse," which has not been such a success, he cannot use this triumphant argument; he falls back, rather gamely, on his opinion that it would not "in any degree demoralise any person who witnessed it." But of "Zaza," again, he says "its success shows that I was justified in passing it." If "Zaza" and "The Gay Lord Quex" had been failures, Mr. Redford would not have been so sure that they were quite wholesome. And yet, surely, he knows as well as anyone else that the unusual success of both these plays is due chiefly to the fact that they have been attacked on the score of impropriety. However, I will assume that he does not know what everyone else knows. I can believe anything of a man who, existing as an official for no reason but that the public is believed to be incapable of looking after its own morals, blandly argues that the public's approval of a play is proof that he was right in licensing it. If Mr. Redford really thinks that the public knows exactly what plays are good for it, and what plays are bad for it, he ought, for honesty's

sake, to resign his office immediately. If, on the other hand, he has not this touching faith in the public, his defence of himself is unworthy of one to whose judgment the work of sane artists is submitted, and he ought to be asked to resign by the person or persons responsible for his appointment. He was appointed merely to advise the Lord Chamberlain whether this and that play ought, on grounds of morality and expediency, to be licensed; he was not appointed to speculate whether this and that play were likely to have long runs.

It is not only Mr. Redford who embarrasses Lord Hopetoun with his real, or feigned, belief in the probity of the public. Mr. S. Smith himself is a subscriber to the faith. "He was no believer"—I quote, as before, from the "Times"—"in the judgment of experts." True, he said that "he founded himself very much on the views of the best dramatic critics, among whom there was a consensus of opinion that great deterioration had taken place of late years in the character of the English drama." But this seems to have a mere aberration, since one of the two dramatic critics on whom Mr. S. Smith professed to have founded himself very much is a man who is always proclaiming, in and out of season, that the English drama is steadily progressing, and that the only way for it to go on progressing is along those very lines which Mr. S. Smith seems to abominate. Probably, Mr. S. Smith has never read more of that critic's work than the few lines which he quoted. In any case, it is not to the critics, nor to the Lord Chamberlain, nor to the Censor, that Mr. S. Smith looks for the salvation of the drama; "he believed rather in the average common sense and average morality of the ordinary householder." He regards the public as a blameless body, which wicked playwrights are trying to debauch. He trembles to think that these villains may succeed in their fell purpose. "Was it not certain that the same effects would follow in London as in Paris—that a decadent drama and what always accompanied it, a decadent literature, would produce a decadent nation?" The touch about "Paris" is delightful, but even more delightful, more thoroughly worthy of the place in which it was spoken, the suggestion that a decadent drama is the cause, and not the effect, of a decadent nation. "Was it not," Mr. S. Smith might have said (perhaps he did; the report is not verbatim), "certain that, unless something were done—aye! and done quickly, and done without flinching—was it not, one might almost say, inevitable that the tail would wag the dog?" Of course, there is not really any decadence in our drama. There is now, as in all times, a certain amount of what is called impropriety, which, as in all times, the public rather likes. It is in order to keep that impropriety within reasonable limits that the licensing-system exists. The Lord Chamberlain thinks that the system is not working well, and, though I do not agree with him, I am sincerely touched by his desire to have his hands strengthened in the House of Commons. Might he not, in his discomfiture, try to strengthen them himself?

I have written on this subject because there is really nothing to write about Mr. Brookfield's play at the Comedy Theatre. Mr. Brookfield is an actor, and one expects a certain degree of staginess in his plays; but from Mr. Brookfield, even as a cynic, one does not expect anything so cynically stogy as "Kenyon's Widow."

Of Duse I shall write when I have seen her whole repertoire.

MAX.

"LE JUIF POLONAIS."

OPERA is not run in England for the critics. That is obvious; else we should never have Gounod's sickly, sordid "Roméo et Juliette" announced for the opening night of Covent Garden; and still less should we see "Romeo" put aside in favour of "Faust" with Melba in it, and finally Melba allowed to drop out of the cast and "Faust" given with some less important lady. For my part, the announcement of "Romeo" filled me with consternation; when "Faust" took its place on the bills I fled in haste to Paris; and goodness knows how much further I might have gone had I dreamed of "Faust" being given without Melba. I

ran in terror, pursued by a vision of Messrs. Higgins, Grau and Forsyth pursuing me, and seeking to clutch me and drag me to my stall, to be held there until I had drained the cup to the last bitter drop, "Faust" without one distinguished artist to carry it off and make the evening tolerable. Happily the vision was only a vision; I escaped; and others had to submit to a mediocre "Faust" and to the annual ordeal of "Gott seff zer Kwen." Perhaps the management cares not a straw whether the critics assist or not. There is no good reason why the management should care; for years the critics have united in damning the opera with the fullest fervour; and the management, so far from being a penny the worse, has managed to pay the pretty dividend of thirty-three per cent. on its capital. It may well be indifferent to criticism; though I must own I should much like to see the result if the critics took their turn and became indifferent to the opera, and instead of hurling abuse at it left it severely alone.

However, while the National Anthem was being barked in very broken English by the broken-winded chorus, and while "Faust" (which is really a charming little utterly unimportant operetta) was being sung by artists who were anything but first-rate, I was seated comfortably in my stall at the Opéra Comique, listening to Maurel and the rest doing "Le Juif Polonais" and quite enjoying the show. A stall costs something like one-third of a Covent Garden stall; for a few francs one hears a really excellent and well-trained orchestra, a number of excellent artists and one very great one, and one sees a show which is managed in a workmanlike manner. It is true the house is a death trap and that some day some hundreds of Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards will be sent to settle their differences in another world and climate; it is true that acoustically and in every other way the house is one of the most villainous in Europe, eclipsing even our own darling Covent Garden; but nevertheless one may enjoy oneself there, for the work on the stage and in the orchestra is conscientiously, honestly, and for the most part artistically done. This "Juif Polonais" is in many respects a curious work. It is not old-fashioned opera with set numbers like "Don Giovanni" or for that matter Saint-Saëns' abominable "Samson et Dalila;" and it certainly does not ever so remotely approximate to the Wagnerian music-drama. One cannot say of it as one can and must say of the later Verdi operas, "Otello" and "Falstaff," that it is merely a play with music; and yet its effectiveness depends quite as much as the effectiveness of those operas upon the story. It is really opera simplified to the last degree. The story is simply the story made familiar I suppose to every Englishman excepting myself by Sir Henry Irving's performances of "The Bells." That is to say, it is sheer melodrama. But, to begin with, it is melodrama well done. Not knowing "The Bells" excepting in a vague and somewhat general way, it is impossible for me to make comparisons; whether Mr. Erlanger's librettists, Messrs. Henri Cain and P. B. Gheusi, have lifted anything from it, or whether both "The Bells" and "Le Juif Polonais" follow the original folk story with fidelity, I cannot say. It is sufficient that the "Juif" is an enormously effective story on the stage. Mr. Erlanger has repressed himself in a most astonishing way in his music. In every situation he wrings the last drop of effect from the drama before beginning to put independent energy and life into the music; and when the moment arrives for the music to increase the effect he makes no mistakes. It is not great music; nor has Mr. Erlanger done anything yet that entitles him to be called a great composer. One feels no very profound thought or emotion in his work; the roaring of the waves of the infinite sea of life is by no means for ever in his ears. But he has a very pretty gift of invention and a keen sense of what tells on the stage. He has made use of folk tunes and dances in the "Juif" and also of themes of his own; and I am glad to say that his own melodies are better than the old things he has taken. The last act, with the sound of the jangling of the bells, rises to real strength. Throughout the music is of the most modern sort. There is little or none of the peculiar ugliness which most present-day French composers achieve so

easily whenever they endeavour to be original; but the harmonies are of the freest description, and the vocal parts are full of skips that one would imagine must needs sound horrible, though they sound perfectly natural and in many cases beautiful when sung. The technical workmanship is excellent. We have heard a good deal of French music of late in England; and I have heard and seen a great deal more in France; and it has been more and more borne in upon me that the French have no musical technique whatever worthy the name. They rarely achieve the first step in the acquirement of a technique—the trick of writing music that sweeps straight along without breaks or stops; they write in scraps; their music is not a complete, continuous woven web: it is a mosaic loosely knocked together: I have seen French symphonies and organ-pieces that reminded me of a copy of "Tit-Bits." Mr. Erlanger has got past that child's stage. Each act of "Le Juif Polonais" is a complete thing: each passage leads naturally, inevitably, into the next: the whole thing seems to have been fused and put together at something approaching a white heat. The climaxes are built up: they grow as one listens: they are not thrown in at calculated intervals whether the music that precedes and follows them demands them or not. It is this fact that inclines me perhaps rather to overestimate the opera. In England, as I have insisted again and again, our musicians have no genuine modern technique; in France the musicians don't even want a technique; and it is a relief to come across music written by a composer who is a craftsman and not ashamed of it.

Whether the "Juif Polonais" was specially written for Maurel I do not know; but it might have been. No one else could sing and act it. The part of Mathis is enormously difficult: the whole opera is virtually Mathis. The play drags until Mathis comes on; and of course after he does come on he is scarcely ever off. Merely as a feat of endurance Maurel's performance is surprising; as an artistic achievement it is not less than marvellous. Of course the last scene is his great opportunity—the dream scene where he sees himself tried for the murder of the Polish Jew, compelled by the ghost of the Polish Jew to confess, and is sentenced and peacefully hanged. A nightmare lasting for three-quarters of an hour is rather trying, it must be admitted; and if the devil were present he might ask "Is it art?" For my part, I cannot say it is not art. There is a horrible fascination in the thing: one is held by the passion of Mathis and the odd pathos of the situation; the terrible sinister atmosphere created by the music, and especially by Maurel's singing of his share of the music, seems natural; and it is not until the curtain drops that one realises the dreadful experience one has been put through. Precisely how much of the effect is due to the music, and how much to the fact that the music is sung by far and away the greatest dramatic singer of to-day, is a question that I cannot decide until some other artist essays the part; and it is bad for Erlanger that after Maurel no one will be in a hurry to essay it. The other singers were the ordinary Opéra Comique stock: respectably mediocre. The ladies were not at all striking; but then we do not expect to find fine lady artists at the Opéra Comique. Beautiful voices and histrionic talent are not recommendations to the Opéra Comique management.

J. F. R.

LAWYERS AND LIFE ASSURANCE.

ALMOST all the insurance companies, which were founded by members of the legal profession, and which derive a large measure of support from solicitors, are conspicuously successful. They work economically, manage their investments with great skill, and produce good results both for their shareholders and their policy-holders.

The bonus-report of the Equity and Law Life Assurance Society is a concrete instance of the excellence of Legal Insurance companies. The surplus shown is the largest in the experience of the Society, and exceeds the surplus of five years ago by more than 35 per cent. The story of Equity and Law bonuses is an interesting one. If we go back for a good many years we find that very

large sums of money were held over without being distributed; these amounts were gradually reduced, partly in order to provide stronger reserves, and partly to declare bonuses that were almost, if not quite, unequalled by those of any other office. At the valuation made in 1894 the amount of undistributed surplus was less than £16,000, but the reserves of the Society were calculated on a basis of great strength. On the present occasion the liabilities are valued on the same basis as in 1894, but a sum of £63,000 was carried forward instead of £16,000 as previously. Had the directors thought fit a considerable portion of this amount might have been distributed, and the bonuses proportionately increased; but they were probably wise to decide as they have, since by so doing they make certain of earning excellent bonuses in future.

The sources of profit are principally that the rate of interest assumed in valuing the liabilities is only £2 15s. per cent., while on the average of the past five years the Society has earned £4 per cent. upon its total funds; that the rate of mortality being experienced is considerably less than the mortality provided for, a result which is largely due to skilful and careful medical examination and selection of risks; and thirdly to the expenditure provided for being in excess of the expenditure that is being incurred. The proportion of premium income set aside for future expenses is 16·7 per cent., the expenditure actually incurred last year was 9·7 per cent., showing a margin of 7 per cent. on the premiums, and if we deduct from this margin the dividends to shareholders there is still an annual contribution to surplus of 5 per cent. of the premiums and 1½ per cent. of the funds. The Society makes considerable profit from reversions and life interests, in addition to deriving profits from non-participating policies and other sources. Hence it is as practically certain as anything can well be that the prosperity of the Equity and Law will continue undiminished.

The assurances in force at the end of 1899 show an increase of more than one million when compared with the policies existing five years previously. This is less than half the increase that was shown in the preceding five years, but there is no reason to suppose that the interests of the policy-holders have in any way suffered by this smaller rate of expansion. Possibly they may have gained by it rather than otherwise. When a Life office sets aside such strong reserves as those of the Equity and Law it is quite probable that the premiums paid during the first few years of assurance do not suffice to provide the necessary reserves, and, if this is so, a disproportionately large amount of new business may be a disadvantage rather than otherwise. The amount available for distribution to the participating policy-holders on the present occasion is £360,827, in addition to £22,844 paid for interim bonuses. The result is that policies that have been comparatively recently effected receive a larger bonus than was allotted to such policies five years ago, but policies that have been many years in force do not receive so much. The system of bonus distribution adopted by the Society gives comparatively small bonuses in the early years of assurance increasing rapidly as time goes on, and the bonuses on the older policies being principally affected by interest earnings, which to a large extent are beyond the control of any board of directors, necessarily feel the fall in the rate of interest to the greatest extent. As, however, the bonuses on some of the older policies amount to as much as £4 4s. per annum they have every reason to be well satisfied, as we have no doubt they are, with the results of the latest valuation of the Society in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which owes its origin and much of its prosperity to the legal profession.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

P.O. Box 118, Hoboken, N.J., 26 April, 1900.

SIR,—Your postscript to my letter published the 14th was very interesting. An answer sufficiently brief and

non-evasive is difficult for the questions asked or alluded to have numerous aspects, but they are fair and straightforward.

The first one reads: "Does Mr. Bates seriously want us to believe that the United States would have risked a war with the British Empire as a set-off to England's joining the Continent in an attempt to rescue Spain from America?"

Having once made up his mind to take such a chance the American would do so. The chance of his acting thus would have depended upon many others too numerous even to mention here but a few will be hinted at below. No wordy forecast of what would have happened was meant for such is not possible, except as a wild guess. I do and did maintain that such a chance was well worth ample precaution. Did not the Germans in 1898 finally discover a similar reason for prudence at Manila? Would not even an accurate forecast of the Boers' challenge and its results have been flouted last summer? Was not our war of 1812 so regarded at first? Did anyone dare predict the American's superiority as a naval gunner and its results before that war or 1898? In view of such facts my suggestion seems no impossibility.

Even had Britain and Europe been more in harmony it is by no means certain that they would have done anything. They could have effectually defended Spain only by war. Did they thus defend the Armenian against the Turk when they had much better cause?

The next sentence reads:—"As for the Canadian North-West, Mr. Bates is counting without the Canadians." This was the reverse of fact and is now. The writer has no reason to speak lightly of the Canadians but every cause to kindly refer to them. They are efficient fighters as General Cronje knows well. Tommy Atkins may take pride in such comrades. Their work was no doubt an agreeable surprise to England but to us on this continent it was an entire matter of course. Nevertheless they are weak enough in numbers to finally yield the land in question, however able their defence might be at the beginning of an American invasion.

The last sentence is thus: "Our correspondent has written a long letter, but apparently he cannot find room for an explanation of the pro-Boer attitude of the greater part of the American press."

This was explained in my letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 10 February. I then showed that reckless agitators, now orators, now editors, have merely found a chance to appeal to sentimentality nominally in behalf of the Boer but really to advertise themselves, as cheap humanitarians or other busybodies.

Less important causes are as follows, that is less so taken simply but more so in the aggregate because without them the said agitators would have little or none of their present zeal; they are:—

1. Mistaken sympathy for republics and belief that some nominal ones are real.
2. The anti-Imperialists' dislike of an empire's work.
3. Belief that both Briton and Boer were victims of a capitalistic conspiracy.
4. The opinion that the war is a politicians' scheme for power.
5. Apprehensions aroused by the "new diplomacy" especially of the Rhodes-Jameson type.
6. Fears that Colonial faction, under cover of the Empire and spurious appeals to English gratitude, will be specially prone to such "new diplomacy."
7. The apparently scant help of the aggrieved Uitlanders to their deliverer.
8. The mixed character of our population.
9. The presence among us of Fenians, Socialists, Labour agitators and similar disturbing elements. These dislike Britain as the antithesis of their fancies. They are presenting visions of the starvation of the Boers after the war by "cheap labour" of blacks employed by the instigators of the war. A London editor laid stress upon this view I am sorry to note.
10. A belief that the Boer has been as much sinned against as he sinned. For this the former haughty tone of an influential portion of the English press towards Americans and others has a great deal to answer it must be admitted.

The proportions of truth and error in these beliefs cannot be examined here for the analysis of either one alone would cover many a page. Do you wonder that noisy editors or speakers find all this a stimulus to buncombe? In your present trial things look worse

than they really are but the reserve force of character in the American will save the situation as usual. You do not realise the strength of this or you would feel easier. Perhaps our assurance of it goes too far: if so the cause of our tolerance is that and not Anglophobia which is dead as a national feeling. It haunts some people more bitterly on that account. Real sympathy with the Boer outside of New York Dutch circles is nil. Owing to these facts Englishmen may quietly despise pro-Boer insults as the mere vauntings of impotent rage. President M'Kinley thoroughly understands this. He with national opinion at his back may be trusted in spite of divided counsels about Porto Rico and tariffs.—Very truly,

JAMES H. BATES.

THE NAVY LEAGUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 Victoria Street, S.W., 17 May, 1900.

SIR,—Although since the cobbler advocated leather for fortification, many strange theories of national defence have found supporters, I imagined that so far as this island kingdom was concerned Sir W. Raleigh's advice "to entertain them that shall assail us with their own beef in their bellies, and before they eat of our Kentish capons, I take it to be the wisest way" found general acceptance.

Obviously, however, there is no finality, and Lord Salisbury has propounded to the Primrose Dames a new scheme which is eminently calculated to startle Captain Mahan and other exponents of the doctrine that by command of the sea alone can the British Empire be maintained, and "this precious stone set in the silver sea, which serves it in the office of a wall" be held safe.

The Prime Minister began by making the ladies' flesh creep, at least such, I presume, must have been the effect of foreshadowing "a blow directed at the heart" "the fate of Holland, Spain and Venice, of Carthage and of Tyre," and "an end to the history of England." To avert such disasters—a pill against earthquakes—he recommended the foundation of rifle clubs, fostered by the Primrose League.

Now rifle clubs are doubtless excellent institutions, and their promotion throughout the country might afford useful occupation for "ruling councillors" and "knight harbingers," but if the Government can show us no other method of warding off "a blow directed at the heart," it is surely time for "the people themselves," with whom we are told on the same high Government authority that "the business of the defence of the country now rests," to inquire seriously whether there be not some wiser way.

If every man woman and child in the country were armed, and were an infallible marksman, it would avail us nothing in case of defeat at sea. Two-thirds of our food and raw material comes to us from abroad. An enemy who should master our fleets could bring us to submission by starvation without landing a single soldier on our shores.

Surely Sir Harry Rawson, the Admiral commanding the Channel Squadron, spoke more to the purpose last Friday at Glasgow, when he said that "nothing could better insure the country than a strong navy. A navy which could defy competition from any combination meant peace, a navy of doubtful strength meant sooner or later war."

The Navy League is a strictly non-party organisation to urge upon the Government and the electorate the paramount importance of an adequate navy as the best guarantee of peace, and I earnestly hope that everyone of your readers will join it if only as a protest against this doctrine of despair that Great Britain has to be defended upon her own soil.—Your obedient servant,

H. SEYMOUR TROWER,
Chairman Ex. Com. Navy League.

PROMOTION FROM THE BENCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Athenæum Club, London, S.W., 17 May, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—In your note on the appointment of Sir Richard Webster to the Mastership of the Rolls, you

say that the custom of appointing the Attorney-General Lord Chancellor has only been broken twice during the past century. Will you allow me to remind you of a third instance?—Lord Hatherley, who was made Lord Chancellor in 1868, went from the Bench to the Woolsack. At the time of his appointment he was a Lord Justice, and had previously been for many years a Vice-Chancellor.—Yours faithfully,

H. T. W.

THE SPORT OF AUSTRALIAN PROVINCIALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Northumberland Avenue, May 16.

SIR,—It was with no small relief that those of us in London who specially concern ourselves with colonial questions read Mr. Chamberlain's speech in Parliament on the Australian Federation Bill. In this matter, whatever may have been the case with the larger question of Imperial Federation, there has been none of that moral cowardice which you summed up a fortnight ago in the phrase "Imperial Timidity." Whether because he recognised that to agree to the Appeal Clause would be to stultify the Imperial Parliament or whether because he correctly gauged colonial public opinion as against colonial politicians' opinion, I cannot say. But one thing is tolerably certain and that is that Australian Federation has been the sport of Australian provincialism, and if there has been the remotest danger to the Bill now before Parliament it has been due to the action of Australian politicians. After years of agitation and futile scheming it was decided to refer the question of Federation to the people. It was recognised that at last there was a chance for Federation. What happened? The politicians reduced the referendum to a farce by leaving the people to vote for the Bill as a whole. If the voter's objection to a particular clause should be stronger than his desire for the scheme as a whole, then the whole must go. The story of the manner in which the politicians have played fast and loose with Federation forms a very interesting study in provincialism. What Mr. Chamberlain is now doing therefore is to step between Australian politicians and the Australian people in the interests of Australia and the Empire.

Mr. Chamberlain probably does not realise the extent to which he is doing this. In his speech he made handsome acknowledgement of the services rendered by the late Sir Henry Parkes. Why, sir, so far as Federation is concerned, Sir Henry Parkes was an arch sinner, and promoted the federal cause only when he saw an opportunity of promoting also the cause of Sir Henry Parkes. Mr. Chamberlain says that in 1883 a conference was called at the instance of Sir Henry Parkes which resulted in the establishment of the Federal Council. That is the concisest possible way of stating just what did not happen. Sir Henry Parkes in 1881 drafted a Bill for a Federal Council which was defeated by the action of a representative of Victoria. In 1883, when Queensland's loyalty had been strained to the breaking point by the apathy of the Derby-Granville régime, and the New Guinea crisis, Sir Thomas McIlwraith called a conference which resulted in the adoption of a measure constituting a Federal Council on the lines of Sir Henry Parkes' own scheme. That Federal Council struggled into an invertebrate existence in the teeth of the strenuous opposition of Sir Henry Parkes. He said the institution would be ricketty and Australia would make herself ridiculous in the eyes of the world for consenting to its creation. He did not stay to consider whether he was not making himself ridiculous by opposing a measure on all fours with one of his own drafting in order, as he admitted, to spite Victoria and because it was put forward by other hands than his own. The Conference in 1890 which Mr. Chamberlain attributes to the Russian scare was directly due to the able report of Sir Bevan Edwards who went to Australia in 1889 at the instance of the Imperial Government. His representations gave Sir Henry Parkes a new opportunity, and once again Federation might have been accomplished, had Sir Henry not refused point blank to have any dealings with the Federal Council which Mr. Chamberlain imagines he created. The other colonies were anxious that

the Federal Council should be utilised for the purpose of at once giving effect to Sir Bevan Edwards' recommendations. Sir Henry Parkes' insistence on a totally new convention and a new scheme resulted in delays which carried the movement down to the time of the financial crisis of 1893. It is the opinion of the best informed that had Australia been federated when the storm broke, she would have weathered it at much less cost than the aggregate losses suffered by the individual colonies. It is even possible that it might never have broken at all. The crisis of '93 was part of the price Australia has had to pay for disunion and the jealousies of provincial leaders.—I am yours, &c.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.

CRICKET PROSPECTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

56 Burma Road, Stoke Newington, N.

SIR,—In your highly interesting article on this subject in last week's issue the writer raises a point which, to say the least of it, is distinctly arguable. He believes that the addition of the sixth ball to the over will be a real advantage to bowlers with heads, in that the increase of scope and opportunity will be greater in proportion than the slight extension of the over would suggest. He dilates on the joys of the bowler when opposed to a batsman whom he feels to be in his power, whom he can compel to "fight a hopeless course," and then secure his wicket by the end of the over. With five balls this was great fun, but six will be glorious—and much more certain. Surely this is a cat-with-the-mouse theory. When a clever bowler is attacking a batsman of less proportionate skill than himself an over of five balls should be quite sufficient. But apart from this, will the change be a real advantage to bowlers with heads? It must be remembered that many batsmen are blessed with heads, and those that are employ them in finding out and mastering the "nice intricacies of plan" of the bowler. And they used frequently to succeed with only five balls. What will happen now they have six to work upon? Is not this disproportion between scope and mere numerical alteration in the over, likely to work out as much in favour of the batsman as of the bowler? More so, I venture to think, in these days when the bat has formed such a habit of beating the ball. But for this last-mentioned tendency of recent years I should be quite prepared to grant your writer his point; but as it is I must suspect that the change will prove to be an advantage to the batsman rather than to the bowler, and it must be remembered that the extra ball will fatigue the bowler more than the batsman.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

F. G. HARDING.

THE PRESERVATION OF WILD LIFE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Rochester.

SIR,—Some months ago you were good enough to give me space for a few words on this subject; since then many excellent letters have appeared on it both in your and other reviews (let me—in passing—ask those who are interested to read the article in the "Quarterly" for last month if they have not seen it); I will now confine myself to the following remarks. First, the question of the Protection of Wild Life should be recognised by all as an absolute duty, for, as Bishop Westcott has rightly said, "No animal wild or domestic can be treated as a thing. Wilful disregard of the sanctities of physical life in one sphere bears its fruit in other and higher spheres. Life is more than a bundle of physical facts, it is in each distinct form a sacred gift to be dealt with reverently." Secondly, it is absolutely necessary to recognise the importance of taking protective measures with the least possible delay, or the loss will be irreparable, and lastly, I would venture to suggest that a meeting be held in London during the present season, or year—a meeting of naturalists and sportsmen, and all interested in the matter, when I cannot but think our object might be much helped and forwarded.—I am, yours faithfully,

FRANK C. H. BORRETT.

REVIEWS.

THE LAUREATE'S EIRENICON.

"Spring and Autumn in Ireland." By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. London: Blackwood. 1900. 3s. 6d.

IT is a great pity that Mr. Alfred Austin should be poet laureate. But after all beyond the harmless extravagance of publishing a few volumes of verse, he did nothing to bring about that absurdity, and it is foolish to let it interfere with one's enjoyment of an attractive prose writer. Still, this little book has a certain flavour of official pretension about it; it recalls those eloquent effusions addressed to the French and German press in which the laureate leaderwriter explained the true purpose of his people. It is a trifle too much by way of an Eirenicon to Ireland and as a message of peace Irishmen will be apt to laugh at it. Mr. Austin goes over to Ireland, admires the scenery and writes prettily about it, likes the people and says so, recognises that their ideals are not those of Englishmen and kindly acknowledges that other ideals may be permitted to exist; and then, for an envoi to his book, jots down his conclusions in some voluminous stanzas imploring Erin in his most caressing manner to kiss and be friends. If he had lived a little longer in Ireland he would have discovered that the Irish are not a particularly sentimental race—that they reply to political blandishments with remarks about the financial relations; and that in so far as they are sentimental politicians, their sentiment unfortunately is just the desire to manage their own affairs, to take rank as a separate people (whether within the Empire or out of it) which Mr. Austin blandly poochpoohs and brushes away as the invention of bad designing men. To conciliate, you must first understand.

When Mr. Austin leaves politics alone and confines himself to observation of things, it is happy for everyone; his description of Killarney is both just and eloquent, suggesting in appropriate words that strange union of wild outline with intimate and intricate beauty of detail; and he feels the magnificence of such waves as break at Kilkee. There is no gainsaying his remarks on the absence of a taste for flowers and the lack of cleanliness; and it would be a good day for Ireland, if the Roman Catholic bishops took his hint and inculcated upon priests the duty of setting an example in these matters. What he says of hotels is less true than in 1894; from Donegal to Connemara, the whole of that wild coast is now dotted at intervals of twenty miles with very creditable establishments. But the habitable inn is lamentably absent, and the peasants have not yet learnt that clean seaside or riverside lodgings may be a source of great profit. Still, these things are perceptibly mending and as they mend one of the great attractions—free fishing—will inevitably disappear; indeed in Connemara it scarcely exists. As for the poaching which Mr. Austin writes of, that is probably no worse in Ireland than in Scotland; salmon are the hardest things in the world to protect, and black fishing in Ireland is nowhere so established a tradition as on the Border. So by all means we back his recommendation of the country as a playground for holidays; but on one point we join issue. Ireland, he says, does not attract tourists "because it has never produced one who has sung or depicted the beauties of Ireland so as to excite general enthusiasm about it." And why? Because Irishmen do not love Ireland well enough. That is certainly the last reason that would occur to any Irishman, but Mr. Austin supports it by the instance of Tom Moore. Tom Moore! Are we never to be done with Tom Moore? Surely Mr. Austin might know that Ireland has produced since Moore's day a very different kind of poetry. Has he never read for instance Mr. Yeats' "Inisfree"? Nevertheless it is true up to a point that "the Irish are not a poetical people"—and for that matter not fertile of great writers in any kind. Such is the fact he says, "because to the typical Irishman the fact, the precise fact, seems unimportant." If only things were as simple as that, how easy reasoning would be; but look for the typical Irishman, the out-

standing examples of the race, and you find Lord Roberts, Parnell, Mr. Healy and hosts of other very definite and practical people not in the least vague about facts. The truth is that the ablest Irishmen do not write well because they talk too well; they find too ready an outlet in the spoken word, so much more supple and vivid than the written; and the typical Irishman in literature is Burke or Grattan. It is as unfair to judge the intellect of Ireland from the writings of Moore, as it would be to judge the intellect of England from the speeches even of Mr. Gladstone.

CAMBRIDGE LEADERS.

"Old Friends at Cambridge and Elsewhere." By J. Willis Clark. London: Macmillan. 1900. 6s.

HOW disappointing is biography! How difficult it is to write the life of anyone! They who have reached that term of years when they are able to read the biographies of their friends must be conscious of much disappointment. A biography rarely represents your friend as you knew him. It is too often written with the object of concealing rather than of revealing, and there is a more fixed determination in the writer as to what he will not say than as to what must at all hazards be said. Yet some record of the lives of prominent persons is desirable, some account of how they lived and what they said, still more of what they did. If history is to be written at all we must write the history of movements, and how are they to be described without the histories of the men who made them? In the "Culturgeschichte" of England in the latter half of the nineteenth century few chapters are more interesting than the development nay! the transformation of the University of Cambridge, and we must be grateful to the Registry who is better fitted than anyone else for the task, for the volume which he has just given us.

Fifty years ago there were only two avenues to an Honours degree at Cambridge, the Mathematical and the Classical Triposes, and the latter had hardly emancipated itself from subjection to the former. Both were in the hands of coaches. No one could expect to be a high Wrangler unless he had read with Hopkins, or a high Classic unless he had studied under Shilleto. Of University teaching there was nothing worthy of the name. College teaching had the merit of disregarding specialisation, and of enforcing something of an encyclopædic course, but it had no other merit. What was the life of a coach? Shilleto took, perhaps, twenty-four pupils who read with him each three hours a week: he worked therefore for twelve hours a day, giving a full hour to each student. He had no College or University position and no time for private study. When endowment came late in life, he was too much broken in to the mill-horse grind to be able to profit by it, and he boasted that while examining a famous manuscript at Paris he only knew three places, his hotel, the public library, and the English beer-shop. Trinity in the early sixties shattered the yoke of the Classical coach but Mathematics still remain in thralldom. Natural Science in its rapid and magnificent development showed the example of a complete system of University teaching. The teaching of Moral Science became a reality, and under the touch of Seeley's genius History raised its head and gave an education which need not fear comparison with Oxford Greats. Fifty years ago King's, now, perhaps, the most intellectually distinguished college in the University, had not surrendered the mischievous privilege of giving its own degrees and was yet far from admitting non-Etonians to its bosom.

Those of whom Mr. Clark has written the life contributed a good deal to this result. Whewell had a large share in laying the foundations of the new era, and the importance which he attached to the studies of the publicist long before the Historical Tripos was founded shows how far-sighted he was. Thirlwall belonged to the earlier Renaissance which had its full effect on Trinity but did not extend to the rest of the University. Lord Houghton marks the connexion between the University and the world. Palmer called Oriental studies into life and awoke them from a scarcely decorous slumber. Thompson up to the end

of his life was in sympathy with every development of the new learning and helped it by his authority. Balfour is the embodied dawn of scientific research, and if he had lived the Science of Cambridge would have been to a less degree confused by an alliance with Medicine, which has not been altogether beneficial.

For some of these biographies we have nothing but praise. The first three are by far the best. They are admirably written and present a permanent memorial of those whose career they describe. Of the rest some are inadequate and some are so slight that they might have been omitted with advantage. The sketches of Bradshaw and others show that Mr. Clark is on less secure ground when he leaves the precincts of his own college. The life of Thompson reveals the fact that Mr. Clark is not a classical scholar, and that of Coutts Trotter scarcely correlates that impressive personage with the world in which he lived and certainly exaggerates his importance. Luard is treated with more sympathy and knowledge, and the notice of Balfour, full of charm and affection, is again deficient in knowledge.

It would have been well if the life of Richard Owen had been omitted altogether. The title-page would have been shorter and the book, kindly and graceful as it is, would not have been sullied unnecessarily by a rather ill-natured criticism of qualities, which if the world ever knew it would prefer to forget. For us Owen stands as a forerunner of Huxley, perhaps at a long interval. It would be well to emphasise this fact but not to dwell upon weaknesses, which if they ever existed, should be forgotten in the spacious generosity of the grave.

THE AIM AND METHOD OF SCIENCE.

"The Grammar of Science." By Karl Pearson. Second edition revised and enlarged. London: Black. 1900. 7s. 6d. net.

IT is not to be doubted that the salient feature of the second part of the nineteenth century is the transformation that has taken place in the attitude of the civilised world to science. The prodigal contributions it has recently made to our material progress and comfort command universal respect; its startling advances in knowledge and theory have compelled a reluctant or admiring attention from all who think. Science, conscious of her new dignity, has pressed aft from the fore-castle, and up from the engine-room, and lays claim to the captain's place, and the captain's authority. She claims to be no longer a handmaid of human life, but to direct it. It is this movement that has been called the New Reformation, prophetically perhaps, but as yet not descriptively, and to this Huxley gave all of his life not devoted to actual research. It aims at applying all the methods and principles of science to all the problems of life; it claims that there is no alleviation for human suffering, except through scientific veracity of thought and action. Scientific men are not usually vocal outside the boundaries of their own specialism, and this habitual limitation gives an additional importance to the writings of those scientific men who, like Huxley and Professor Pearson, take the trouble to expound the principles and methods which they believe are of universal application.

The greater part of the volume calls for little comment. It consists of an exposition, admirably clear and luminous, of the main principles of modern science. The main idea underlying the exposition is a determination to keep separate what are frequently confused in scientific writing, that is to say, perceptions and conceptions. The former are the materials of science, the phenomena of the world knocking at our consciousness, it being clearly understood that all we know of the phenomena are simply the knocks. Concepts, on the other hand, are not realities of the phenomenal world, but, for the most part, are simply imagined limits to processes which can be started but not carried to a conclusion in perception. They are in fact shorthand methods of describing the relation and sequence of phenomena. The attempt to restate fundamental scientific ideas within these limits is valuable, surprising and interesting. Space and time, motion, acceleration, velocity, matter, the relation between organic and

inorganic phenomena all appear in terms which will prove unfamiliar but suggestive to most readers, and the discussions involved are of real use to science. The latter part of the volume, dealing with evolution, is of special importance. Professor Pearson has been associated closely with the modern efforts to apply exact mathematical methods to vital problems, and in his later chapters he sets out very clearly the difficult and ingenious devices, many of them his own invention, by which it has been found possible to make observed phenomena reveal some of their secrets. Is Evolution actually going on? Is there a relation between some characters and the death-rate, between other characters and fertility? Professor Pearson's mathematical methods applied to groups of observations do afford definite answers to such problems, and there can be little doubt that they are the beginning of a new and extremely promising branch of investigation.

They who look with favourable or unfavourable eyes on the modern claims of science, however, will pay a closer attention to what they regard as the general tendency of science than to the details of its methods. With the English demand for labels, they seek to determine whether or no modern science is materialistic. Professor Pearson himself claims that it is not; Dr. St. George Mivart, with an equal assurance, declared that it was. The reconciliation of these two witnesses, who may be taken as types, depends naturally on the connotation of the term. In the philosophical sense of the word, there is no doubt whatever that modern science as expounded by Professor Pearson and as accepted by most scientific men with any turn for abstract thought, is not only not materialistic but strongly opposed to materialism. However the conception of matter, with its hierarchy of particles, molecules, atoms and other vortices has been changed from that of an inert vehicle of energy to energy itself, materialism has ceased to satisfy philosophical thought. The conception of Moleschott and Büchner—that we know matter and force as the ultimate and sufficient realities—breaks down under logical criticism, and modern science, refusing to go behind perceptions and conceptions, is an adaptation of Berkeley's idealism. On the other hand, there is a general use of the word in which modern science is above all materialistic. In the dawn of civilisations, and among barbarous peoples to-day, all the manifestations of nature were referred to animate intelligences, capable of placation or exasperation; but their operations were beyond comprehension or prediction. The movements of the sun and stars, the procession of the seasons, the devastating tempest, the parching drought, the gentle appeasement of the rains, the incidence of pestilence or the increase of harvest, all the variations of environment which make or mar the happiness of man, were explained in terms that had nothing to do with those of modern science. The progress of knowledge has been attended with a continuous elimination of these supernatural factors. The process, in reality, is no more than a regrouping of phenomena, an integration and simplification of conceptions, but in the popular use of the word it is materialistic.

Another general question of the attitude of science which really bears on the same issues is the meaning to be given to law. The advance of science, from one aspect, may be regarded as a continual addition to the number of phenomena which may be grouped under scientific or natural laws, and a continual codification of these laws, in which particular natural laws are shown to be merely special instances of other "higher" laws. A materialistic school has made use of the results of this process to build up a conception of the universe in which the "grandeur and superhuman fixity" of these laws shall supply a satisfying alternative to theological interpretations of the world. Theologians have made use of the same results with a different objective, seeing in these laws a direct evidence of their own theory. Professor Pearson's dialectic is opposed, impartially, to each of these inferences. He distinguishes absolutely between the legal or general meaning of the word law, and the scientific meaning. A law, he quotes from Austin on Jurisprudence, "may be said to be a rule laid down for the guidance of an intelligent being having power over him." A scientific law has no external existence.

It is no more than an association of natural facts or phenomena with mental conceptions. It is a *résumé* in mental shorthand, which replaces for us a lengthy description of the sequences among our sense-impressions. Law, in the scientific sense, is thus essentially a product of the human mind and has no meaning apart from man. It owes its existence to the creative power of his intellect. There is more meaning in the statement that man gives laws to Nature than in its converse that Nature gives laws to man. Thus there is at once dissipated the "superhuman fixity of law" which has at the same time been the materialistic argument against, and the theological argument for the existence of the miraculous.

MODERN ITALY.

"The Story of the Nations: Modern Italy, 1748-1898."
By Pietro Orsi. London: Unwin. 1900. 5s.

THE author of this book, Count Pietro Orsi, is a young but not undistinguished writer on historic subjects, at present Professor of History in the Liceo Foscarini at Venice. The translator, Miss Alice Mary Vials, is of opinion that Professor Orsi's academical position gives him exceptional qualifications for his task. We are free to admit that Professor Orsi could not fill his present official position without considerable historical attainments, but, unlike the translator, we think that such a position would rather hamper than help the historian who might wish to attempt a full and true account of the Revolution. The Italian Government is not prone to harbour in its official bosom people who venture to express even the lightest disapproval of its origin and genesis. And so, to our disappointment, Professor Orsi's book proves to be nothing better than a carefully compiled, admirably sequent, version of the conventional moderate-liberal view of modern Italian history. We had hoped that under the auspices of an enlightened publisher like Mr. Unwin, we might at length have been favoured with a book on Italy that would have attempted a dispassionate dissection of the "official" view, and have spoken freely, without gloss, of the means by which Italy became "one." Professor Orsi, however, is a special pleader to whom the Revolution is glorious and sacred: it is unpatriotic to speak against it, and unholy to question its rights. With him the Revolution in practice, like the king in theory, can do no wrong. When Ferdinand II. suppresses a revolt he is a cruel tyrant stifling national aspirations: but when Charles Albert puts down a republican rising in his dominions he merely "quells sedition." Nothing is too bad to describe the sovereigns whom the Revolution sought to dispossess: every virtue is freely ascribed to those who sought to dispossess them. It is a prejudiced view of the situation, and not consonant with fact. We do not for a moment mean that the separate sovereignties of Italy were ideal States, but we do affirm that the want of freedom in them was chiefly due to the necessity of taking measures against a well-ascertained and vast conspiracy to destroy those States. If there were repressions they were only directed against people who rose against their sovereigns; if these repressions increased in severity it was because the risings increased in frequency. It is surely one of the most elementary maxims of statecraft, often acted upon by the modern kingdom, that a State may protect itself by the use of force against those of its subjects who by force are attempting to destroy it. The Kings of the Two Sicilies, the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, the Dukes of Modena, did no more than this, and Charles Albert himself condemned Garibaldi to death in 1834 for attempting to spread disloyalty among the seamen of the Sardinian navy. The moral sense of many of the most estimable citizens in the Peninsula somehow gets all awry when they touch upon the Revolution. Professor Orsi without wincing, without apparent cognisance of the enormity of the thing, records the worst of iniquities as if he were celebrating the triumph of virtue. For instance: "Cavour was seeking for every possible means to foment the outbreak of a revolt at Naples, mainly through the agency of the Marquis of Villamarina, the

resident Piedmontese ambassador" (page 377). If there be one thing stigmatised by all civilised States it is the abuse of his position by an ambassador to plot against the sovereign to whom he is accredited. Yet all the embassies or legations of the King of Sardinia in Italy seem to have been hotbeds of unscrupulous conspiracy. We remember the late Lord Normanby's opinion of Boncompagni, and we think it was Lord Stratford de Redcliffe who said that the Grand Duke would have been justified in hanging him from the Pitti Palace windows. In fact English people do not like that kind of thing, and it is an error of judgment to flaunt it in our faces without a word of condemnation. The translator states in her preface that the "inner history" of the Peninsula has been strangely neglected. She is entirely in the right, but let not the ingenuous reader for a moment suppose that this book will reveal it to him. Professor Orsi's work tells us of all that was good in the Revolution and of nothing that was bad, but until we get a book that deals plainly and impartially with both the good and the bad, we shall not even have a proper *exterior* history of this momentous movement.

It is hard to have to say a word against Miss Vialls' translation, for we thoroughly appreciate the difficulties of her task. It is no easy matter to break the back of the compendious Italian narrative style and turn it into easy, limpid, flowing English. Besides the book is horribly stuffed with bombast, and whereas the Tuscan tongue softens, we had almost said rationalises, bombast, plain English has a way of stripping it bare and revealing all its hollow pretentiousness. But that is not the translator's fault. We will therefore say no more than that, in the matter of style, Miss Vialls' translation is not free from a certain measure of—well, translations. And we have noticed a few obvious mistranslations which call for correction. In the awkward phrase "the barrister Giuseppe Zanardelli," barrister is no translation of "avvocato." Every Italian "avvocato" is both barrister and solicitor in one. "Lawyer" or "advocate" is the only rendering of a term which in any case it would have been better to omit altogether in the present connexion. The error requires correction in two other instances (p. 340). The tax called "the rights of succession" should have been translated "succession duties;" and *ricchezza mobile* is not "moveable property" which makes no sense, but "tax on income" (p. 341). The appendix giving a selection of articles from the "Statuto" of Charles Albert with a view of presenting its "essential features," strangely enough omits the most "essential" clause of all, namely article No. 1 which fixes the Religion of the State. This urgently calls for insertion in any new edition.

THE RACES OF MAN.

"The Races of Man: an Outline of Anthropology and Ethnology." By J. Deniker. London: Walter Scott. 1899. 6s.

HANDBOOKS to ethnology seem to have been multiplying of late, but there was room for the last addition to them which has appeared in the Contemporary Science Series. Mr. Deniker is an eminent specialist, who has done original work in the remote and inhospitable islands of the Fuegians. His views therefore are well considered, and above all he knows what are the limitations of our knowledge. One result of this is that he gives us facts rather than theories, so that his book, which is crammed full of materials, is somewhat stiff reading. They who want what is called "popular" science, with the newest theories and dogmatic conclusions on disputed points, must go elsewhere. Where the evidence is defective, and unfortunately nowhere is it more defective than in anthropology, Mr. Deniker seldom commits himself to a definite opinion. The advocates of the multifold and common origin of mankind are alike dismissed in a few contemptuous words. Even on the subject of hybridity Mr. Deniker is wisely reserved. That he is a believer in the doctrine of evolution is true, and it is also clear that he assumes that some form of primate was the ancestor of man. He even quotes with approval Ranke's hypothesis that the erect position of man is

due to an excessive development of the brain and a corresponding enlargement of the skull. But for the most part he is content with a statement of facts, theories of origin and development being left to others.

The book falls naturally into two halves. After an introduction in which the terms used by ethnology are defined, the first half describes the physical and psychical characteristics of man, both as an individual and as a member of a society. Language and writing, the elements of social life and existence, music and games, marriage and death are passed in review, as well as the physiological characteristics of the genus homo, the influence of the surroundings upon them and the diseases to which the human frame is subject. Nothing seems to be omitted, and the whole is classified and arranged with that orderly method and lucidity which we are accustomed to look for in a French writer. The second half of the work contains a description of the various races and peoples of the world, and of the system of classification adopted by the author. Numerous and happily chosen illustrations facilitate the understanding of the text; there are elaborate appendices giving the average height, cephalic index and nasal index of the ethnic groups described in the course of the work, and two excellent indices come at the end. Nowhere can a better introduction be found to the science of ethnology or a more complete account of the ascertained facts of the science.

Exception may perhaps be taken to the classification of races proposed by Mr. Deniker. But he would be the first to admit that it is necessarily only provisional. Indeed he has himself more than once modified and changed it, as fresh facts and evidence have come to light. It will be long before finality can be reached in the matter. Indeed it is still a question how far physical or psychical characteristics are to be allowed the most weight in the classification, and which of the physical characteristics themselves are to be regarded as the more important. Most English ethnologists however will demur to the map given of the distribution of races in the British Islands as compared with those of the continent of Europe; and it is evident that Mr. Deniker has a better first-hand acquaintance with the population of France than with that of England. It is true that British anthropology is more than usually difficult and complicated owing to the fact that our islands were the last refuge of the races who followed one another to the West, and to their subsequent admixture; but this is no reason for attempting to introduce into it a simplicity which is artificial and not real.

But in such matters difference of opinion is inevitable. On the other hand Mr. Deniker's accuracy of statement is marvellous when one turns to the enormous mass of facts of which his book mainly consists. Perhaps his statement about the features of the primitive Sumerian population of Babylonia should be revised in the light of Mr. Pinches' striking article on the subject in the "Journal" of the Royal Asiatic Society, and in the map of glacial Europe the glaciers and the sea are not sufficiently distinguished from one another. There is one assertion, moreover, against which we must protest, the assertion that "it is in beings entirely created out of their imagination that savages believe." It would in a sense be as correct to say that the God believed in by civilised men is also a creature of the imagination.

PALESTINE AGAIN.

"Two Years in Palestine and Syria." By Margaret Thomas. With 16 Illustrations in colours from the Author's Paintings. Nimmo. 1900. 12s. 6d. net.

MISS THOMAS is well aware that Palestine is, to say the least of it, a well-laboured field; but, as she truly remarks, modern civilisation—or its caricature—is so rapidly changing the old landmarks that there is something to be said for frequent records of the present state of the country and its monuments. "Before the century is transformed," she says, "before the Bedouin is replaced by the European colonist, the canal by the railway, the tent by the suburban villa, and the khan by the hotel, I propose to endeavour to depict

by means of pen and pencil a likeness, as it were, of the Palestine and Syria of to-day, and, so far as is possible, from a purely secular point of view." In this object Miss Thomas has in some degree succeeded. Though without any special literary graces, her book is written in an easy readable style, she has evidently considerable powers of accurate observation, and she spares no pains to see whatever she thought worth a visit. Her defect is her apparent lack of historical and archaeological preparation. The biblical sites are either legendary or merely sites without ancient buildings. The real historical interest of Palestine and Syria, apart from religious sentiment, lies in its Crusading and Saracenic architecture and associations, but of these Miss Thomas seems to know very little. Still, she gives a graphic picture of the scenery and the inhabitants of a country which is already changing under our eyes and which to another generation will probably be quite a different land. We are glad, too, to observe the "secular" note. We have had more than enough of devotional vapourings over the "holy places," and it is refreshing to find Miss Thomas approaching the apocryphal sites in a spirit of critical scepticism as to their identification. When she had done with the so-called "Church of the Holy Sepulchre" she wrote this comment: "the exhibition is a shock to one's highest sentiments, and, apart from the fact that one is really in Jerusalem, the inspection does not add in the least to one's stock of religious impressions." Indeed it is our opinion that the Christian who desires to preserve his illusions had better stay away from the Holy City.

Miss Thomas made a close study of the Jerusalem Jews, who are not at all like the conventional Shylock, and she was even allowed to paint the portrait of the Karaite Rabbi. She was also privileged to witness the celebration of the Passover in the house of a Sephardim Jew, and a curious ceremony it was:—

"The whole family, including women, children, and servants, wearing their Sabbath clothes, seated themselves in a room handsomely decorated, round a table on which was placed bread, wine, lettuce, cress, and a meat bone neatly covered with an embroidered cloth. The male members began an unmelodious kind of chant, rocking themselves to and fro, as is their custom, to carry out, they say, the Psalmist's injunction, 'All my bones shall praise Thee.' The father of the family cut a slice out of a cake of bread in the shape of a crescent, the two pieces he likened to the shores of the Red Sea, joining them together again to represent the waves closing over the host of Pharaoh. He then placed one-half of this bread in a napkin and tied it on the shoulders of his eldest son, where it remained till the end of the ceremony. They all drank wine, chanted again, ate a piece of lettuce and jam [!] each, which we also tasted, and chanted once more. The father broke bread in pieces, put preserve on it, wrapped it in lettuce leaves, wound cress round that again, and gave some to everyone to eat. He explained that they were commemorating the ten plagues of Egypt. [Do these audacious Sephardim dare to "pull people's legs" in Jerusalem?] They also ate eggs as a sign of mourning for the destruction of the Temple, and told us all mourners do this the first day after a death. While this was going on, the guests, who were seated on the divan round the end of the room, a little raised from the floor, were offered nargilehs and coffee."

Altogether a very innocent recreation; but where was the lamb? Is the "meat bone" all that remains of the sacrifice? We fancy the Sephardim were only giving an undress rehearsal, and that Moses would have spoken a few words to them had he been there. Sir Richard Burton held very strong views regarding the cult of these gentlemen, but probably, as usual, he overshot the mark.

A striking feature of this volume is the mode of illustration. Miss Thomas' sketches are reproduced in colours. Now Miss Thomas, we know, is an accomplished water-colour painter, but the reproduction of her work by chromolithography is quite another matter. At the first glance, we confess, the heavy colouring of the plates is scarcely pleasing, yet it cannot be denied that they give a much better idea of the hues and tints of Eastern scenery than could be obtained

from black and white drawings. There is a prejudice against coloured prints (except among collectors), but we are not sure that it is well founded. At least for popular purposes, as distinguished from art, they certainly effect their object of making the street scenes, churches, and people more real to stay-at-home folk than any other process. But that they should do full justice to Miss Thomas' paintings is not to be expected. Printing in colours has made vast progress, notably in the skilful hands of Mr. Griggs, but there is still much to be done before it is quite justifiable to style such illustrations as these, excellent in their way as they are, "facsimiles of the original paintings."

"THE CARDINAL'S SNUFFBOX" AND OTHER NOVELS.

"The Cardinal's Snuffbox." By Henry Harland. London: Lane. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Harland's book has just about as little story as a novel can get along with to be wholly delightful. It is the idyllic comedy of a courtship and a courtship which passes in late summer by an Italian lake. There is Mr. Peter Marchdale, a gentleman desperately in love but a gentleman to whom the condition is entirely becoming; there is duchess for whom it is easy to understand his infatuation: there is Mr. Marchdale's Italian housekeeper whom he describes with great justice as a "dear old thing;" there are two other ladies who do not so much matter; and lastly there is the Cardinal or god from the machine, and the machine, which is his snuffbox. "An eminent French publicist" is quoted in the course of the book as saying that "There are more gods in the machine than ever came out of it" though perhaps the eminent French publicist is only a name for Mr. Harland's modesty; but in any case it would be hard to invent a more charming and benignant divinity than this prince of the Church who possesses a sense of humour. By an ingenious device the love-making is conducted so to say indirectly; for Mr. Marchdale has written under a pseudonym a novel about the Duchessa when she was to him only a radiant vision seen at the opera and elsewhere; and the Duchessa has read the book knowing Mr. Marchdale to be the author but not knowing herself to be the heroine; while Mr. Marchdale discusses the story (and the heroine) with the Duchessa, believing the authorship to be unknown. The whole thing flickers between jest and earnest and it would be hard to overpraise the skill with which Mr. Harland continues to be lyrical without being dithyrambic; he never oversteps the natural boundaries of prose yet his pages, as some one said of Gainsborough's picture, are "all aflutter like a lady's fan." It is a book of incidental episodes and digressions, at times to the point of recalling Sterne; and Sterne if he were alive to day could scarcely hold the balance more delicately between sentiment and humour than does Mr. Harland in the digression upon sparrows and finches—a digression in dialogue—or in the episode of the cow that cried. And Marietta's tragic confession which the Cardinal calls Peter Marchdale to receive is a little masterpiece of humour. Of course one could pick holes: the Duchessa's first conversation with Peter about the novel is a trifle too elaborate; and perhaps there are everywhere too many allusive quotations, too many scraps of foreign tongues. But it is more to the point to say that the book is a piece of delicate dainty art, alive with genuine feeling, and abundant in suggestions of beauty—the beauty of sunlit trees, the beauty and charm of a woman, and the beauty and grace of saintly old age. The Cardinal has everything in his favour; but even against the odds he might well have made a convert of an Englishman, who is at heart so little of a Protestant.

"From Sand-hill to Pine." By Bret Harte. London: Pearson. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Bret Harte's stories always possess a certain freshness, which commends them to jaded readers. The chief fault about this collection is a certain lack of pro-

portion. Each story begins too diffusely and ends too abruptly. It is as though the author began in a leisurely mood and then suddenly realised that he was exceeding his space. The stories are readable enough but become somewhat monotonous after several have been perused. There are the same descriptions of Californian scenery, the same young prospectors and young bushwomen, the same improbabilities of love at first sight between practical people, and the same *deus ex machina* of gold-finding to make marriage possible. The style is very slipshod and the bad taste often flagrant, but that is to be expected from an American writer. The first story is interesting, the second ingenious, the third quite clever, the last pointless and the penultimate stupid. Not expecting very much, we have not been disappointed. Can we say more—or less?

"A Girl of the North." By Helen Milecete. London: Greening. 1900. 6s.

Miss Milecete is probably a very young writer, though this is not her first effort. It is a story of London and Canada, both of which in parts she seems to know well. It is piquante, up-to-date, and apparently the outcome of a certain blasé youthfulness and weariness of mere domestic joys. It is a somewhat lame protest against convention in the relation of men and women. Young ladies who say that love is "so old, so new, so impossible," and that they hate morality—"It means nothing. It is only a name" are not very agreeable companions. They are perhaps not quite such dreadful young people as they seem, but the unconventional is cultivated to the point of becoming convention in itself. Miss Milecete's style is engagingly direct and simple, and she has a natural talent for story-telling.

"Mirry-Ann." By Norma Lorimer. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

The author of "Mirry-Ann" has boldly attacked the island sacred to Mr. Hall Caine and got a decidedly pretty, homely story out of it. The overpoweringly picturesque has been kept down judiciously to the everyday human interest brought out. The style is not always happy. The hunt for the fitting word is sometimes overdone nowadays, but Mrs. (or Miss) Lorimer might give a little more time to it. For instance, it is hardly clever to call a girl "a gross caricature of a village fish-wife" when you mean that she is a ludicrously delicate travesty of one, too dainty to be real. That is only a sample taken at random. On the whole the book shows promise.

"An American Countess." By Mrs. Urban Hawkeswood. London: Macqueen. 1900.

Mrs. Hawkeswood has something of the storyteller's craft, but her choice of subjects leaves much to be desired. Lord Hawkhurst, his wife, and his mistress all look like unconscious victims of mental disease, and the moral nervelessness of the man is as unpleasant, though not nearly as improbable, as the social intercourse of the two women. Mrs. Hawkeswood pleads for her hero that he was "only a man, and a man who loved too well;" most people would describe him in altogether different terms.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Fugitives." By Winifred Lucas. London: John Lane. 1899. 3s. 6d. net.

"Momentous to himself, as to me, hath each man been that ever woman bore"—is a thought that rises in the mind as we watch the little procession of poets filing solemnly forth from the Bodley Head. Each carries a thin volume—and each page of that thin volume is tenanted by a lonely "Poemation"—consisting sometimes of eight, but oftener of four lines. It is as if they went out to kindle the bonfire of fame with spilikins. And yet there is at times the right stuff of rhetoric, and perhaps even of poetry, in Miss Lucas' verse:

"High heaven denies me to myself. No blame
Nor praise I win.
Renounce me, Sorrow, and deny me, Shame!
Forsake me, Sin!

I was a will, I was a heart, a soul,
As men may be;
But all have slipped the shadow of control
That made them me."

We may admire that without altogether understanding it, just as we may fear ghosts without believing in them. But the authoress is not always at this level, as witness the following:—

"If thine the day, oh love, or mine,
Some sweetness, harmless and remote,
May slaughtered lie, or wounded pine,
Hurt with the thing that anger smote."

A reader may wrestle with that last line as Macaulay wrestled with Kant, and, after all, not be able even to parse it. The previous words "lie" and "pine" though, as it chances, they are not here a cause of obscurity, suggest a counsel to the verse-writers of an epoch which mates any noun with any verb. Let them avoid placing words in such a way that they are optionally either verb or noun. We speak on the supposition that minor poets wish to be easily read and understood. But do they?

"1815: Waterloo." By Henry Houssaye. Translated by A. E. Mann, and edited by A. Euan-Smith. London: A. and C. Black. 1900. 10s.

M. Henry Houssaye's account of the battle of Waterloo has attained in the original its 31st edition, from which it has been translated by Mr. A. E. Mann. It will be a welcome addition to the Napoleonic literature which has lately enjoyed a vogue in England and America. The conditions under which the final struggle with Napoleon was commenced; the developments of the battle itself; the plans of campaign on both sides, and the modifications rendered inevitable by the unforeseen, are passed in masterly review. We cannot fail to understand how near the battle was to being lost more than once by the Allies, though no French account can be accepted wholly without challenge. Napoleon's generals were notoriously prone on the slenderest pretext to believe that the English were preparing to retreat. M. Houssaye ranks the original plan of the campaign of 1815 among the finest strategical conceptions of Napoleon. He evinces surprisingly little prejudice. Napoleon's defeat he attributes to delays and tactical mistakes made partly by his lieutenants and partly by himself. "If" enters very largely into his verdict.

"Marie Antoinette and the Diamond Necklace." By F. de Albini. London: Sonnenschein. 1900. 5s.

The author has collected in a convenient form the evidence connected with the "affaire du collier" which still remains a mystery. It would be extremely difficult to maintain to-day that Marie Antoinette was entirely innocent of any participation in it. Carlyle's famous essay can no longer be accepted as affording anything like an adequate presentation of the facts. The publication of the letters of Maria Theresa and the Comte de Mercy Argentan by Arneth and Gefroy entirely shattered the Queen's reputation for students of the period. The public at large will still judge her in the spirit of Burke's famous panegyric. She has been exonerated from grave charges through pity for her fate. It may be doubted whether in the case of the diamond necklace the Comtesse de la Motte was not sacrificed to save her. The ultimate fate of the jewels still remains an unsolved problem, but there is an extraordinary story in Talleyrand's "Memoirs" quoted by the author which would trace them years after in the hands of a lady once high in the Queen's confidence. The facts and deductions marshalled by the author are worth perusal by all interested in one of the causes célèbres of history.

"The Unchanging East." By Robert Barr. London: Chatto and Windus. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Barr's title refutes the necessity for his book's existence. If the East does not change, he has no particular justification for doing again what Mark Twain did much better in the "New Pilgrim's Progress." If he could have laid aside for a little the manner of cheap jocularity, his work would have profited. As it is, one feels viciously that he resembles a travelling companion who breaks in upon the contemplation of picturesque or historic scenes by repeating some music-hall joke with a chuckle. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne spoils his book upon Lapland in the same way. Really one does not want to take a pocket Dan Leno to the Holy Land or the Arctic Circle. "The Unchanging East" hardly calls for criticism: it is a cheerful account of a trip round the Levant, and its chapters would be quite acceptable in some popular illustrated magazine.

"Prairie Folks," by Hamlin Garland (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899. 6s.), is a revised and enlarged edition of a delightful volume of impressions of life in the Far West—a life that is rapidly vanishing. Mr. Hamlin Garland writes with unerring sympathy as well as knowledge.—On opening "Rural Life: its Humour and Pathos," by Caroline Gearey (London: John Lane. 1899. 6s.), we find a marred quotation. A few lines further on occurs this sentence: "A

deliciously enervating air pervades the atmosphere." We persevere and meet with some good anecdotes; but the style is hopelessly slipshod throughout—"Rambles in Dickens' Land," by Robert Allbut (with Introduction by Gerald Brennan and illustrations by Helen M. James. London: S. T. Free-mantle. 1899), is "a loving topography" and a guide to various hostels and places for those "needing reparation of tissue." The titles of the novelist's works are not always given correctly—e.g. "*The Tale of Two Cities*." Mr. Brennan's introduction is worth reading.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

L'au delà. By Jacques Le Lorrain. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 3f. 50c.

It was our fate some time ago to read and then review M. Richepin's wild novel, "*L'Agibasse*," in these columns. The characters were diseased; the atmosphere was unhealthy, the climax was an insult to science, civilisation, and common sense. To see a powerful and brilliant writer like M. Richepin go the way of the weak (or the wily) was distressing: we marvelled; we lamented, we hoped sincerely that, in the future, the author of "*Chansons des Gueux*" and other robust works would keep clear of mysticism, spiritualism, and other preposterous cults. He is a veritable poet, and a genius. His soul is worth saving. He should be rescued at any cost. But with M. Jacques Le Lorrain the case is totally different; and we confess at once that we are perfectly unconcerned as to what becomes of him. His last novel opens quite promisingly, however. Robert Candos, a sensitive man who has never succeeded, is in the last stages of despair when a friend tells him that he can get him a position as tutor to a country family. The scene between Candos and his comrade is at once striking, and leads one to expect an interesting story. Candos obtains the situation; and then, immediately, the atmosphere changes and the characters become unhealthy lunatics. The de Miremonts (who inhabit a romantic château) are all odd. Lucy, the only woman in the place and the sister of the three brothers de Miremont, is an over-strung girl. Hubert, the youngest brother, is too weird to be only eighteen. And he and Candos, his tutor be it remembered, discuss the strange noises that are heard at the dead of night in the château. The remaining two brothers may be dismissed at once as impossible characters. Candos, of course, falls in love with Lucy. After a while, she loves him. They are for ever talking nonsense together; but the greatest nonsense of all is exchanged between young Hubert and his tutor. Lucy dies; and Candos is broken-hearted. He consults his pupil; and Hubert bids him not despair. In spite of his youth, he has frequent interviews with astral bodies; and so he sees no reason why Candos should not call upon Lucy to appear "*de l'au delà*." We are not told whether Candos ever does succeed in speaking to Lucy; we are simply led to believe that this will be so, and we are thankful to M. Le Lorrain for sparing us the interview. The book consists of 300 pages; but we have no intention of repeating the strange things pronounced therein, nor do we intend to analyse Hubert's absurd philosophy. Theosophists should buy the book—for Hubert's ghost would interest them. It would be an admirable volume to place on the shelves of that fraudulent barracks of occultism in the Avenue Road.

Le Génér. By Alfred Champion. Paris: Charpentier. 1900. 3f. 50c.

We imagine that worthy but uncouth farmers will be tremendously interested in the opening chapters of M. Alfred Champion's story. Cows pass to and fro. A testy bull nearly kills its attendant. The merits of a horse are discussed and praised. There is much ado about a market; and more about barley, wheat, and corn. The life of Lucy—a rich agriculturist's daughter—will also entertain the farmer while it is spent in the country; but when Lucy is abandoned by an ambitious labourer who has seduced her, and when she goes up to Paris to live with an aunt, we feel sure that the farmer will forsake her, and ourselves wonder who in this world will follow her. She marries a lawyer, and has children. Her illegitimate son is treated harshly; but, of course, succeeds eventually. And the ambitious labourer dies. While M. Champion is installed among cows and cabbages, he succeeds at least in faithfully representing a certain atmosphere. He is bewildered in Paris, however, and terribly ill at ease. He feels this, we imagine; for his style becomes fretful after a time and his language loose. And then his impatience to make Lucy's illegitimate son succeed and his anxiety to kill off the ambitious labourer are quite improper.

Pour Noël. By Marguerite Poradowska. Paris: Plon. 1900. 3f. 50c.

This is the history of a girl who sacrifices herself for her sister. The scene is laid in Poland; where a typical Polish family leads a peaceful life. Vivid descriptions of scenery

(Continued on page 628.)

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abound; many amusing conversations between small officials are presented, but both the plot and purpose of the story are small. Malva secretly loves André Ostoya, a painter; but André loves her sister, Noémi—and eventually he marries her. Noémi is frivolous, and has a secret interview with a would-be lover in the country. Suddenly, Malva appears upon the scene; then André—and Malva, who bears a striking resemblance to her sister, bids this one fly and invites the would-be lover to kiss her just as André comes up. His faith in Noémi returns; but he becomes sceptical of the virtue of Malva who through sheer grief becomes consumptive and dies. And that is all. Still, Madame Poradowska writes gracefully, though she has not much of a story to tell.

Trop de Chic! By Gyp. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 3f. 50c.

Gyp's forty-ninth book is as "smart" as its predecessors. It resembles them all, of course, in that it is chiefly remarkable for its dialogue. But we confess that we weary of the author's sharp sayings and ready wit; after a while we become "énervé" and wish that Gyp were less "smart." In this last volume of short sketches, her characters are never at a loss for a brilliant retort. They do not hesitate. They are ready. They are panting. Their nerves leap. Their muscles twitch. They reply brilliantly almost before the last words are out of the speaker's mouth. In books such as "Le Mariage de Chiffon," where the scene is laid in the cool country, Gyp does not confine herself so exclusively to repartee. She is content at first to describe a ménage that is at once simple and homely. She gives her brain rest for a while. She does not dazzle her readers for many a page. Then, however, she introduces someone who is even sharper and smarter than "Dodo," and whose spirits are not even rendered normal by the calm of the country. We, ourselves, feel in need of perfect peace after reading Gyp. We yearn for air. We pine for less brilliant (and more natural) people.

Revue de Paris. 1 mai.

The possibility, or rather probability, of a naval war between England and France is a theme that never fails to engross the attention of certain contributors to the Parisian reviews. It has been treated so frequently that the subject is now exhausted; as original reforms are not easy to invent and suggest "comme autrefois," no statistics remain to be recorded, no historical precedents. And yet home officials, foreign authorities, and anonymous admirals continue to deal with the matter in magazines and also in the daily press. All three have the same thing to say. All three have arrived at the conclusion that the French navy is in a highly unsatisfactory condition. All three insist on its immediate augmentation. All this is now repeated in the "Revue de Paris" by Lieutenant X. Like the others, he thinks that the best way to avoid war would be to make the French fleet so strong that England would hesitate before venturing to encounter it; now, he proclaims, England can well afford to gaze disdainfully and fearlessly at the comparatively small and incompetent array of ships and officers told off to protect France, and, to lend weight to his words, quotes a quantity of more or less despairing letters and documents that have passed between various naval authorities and officials. Still, we think that Lieutenant X. takes an unnecessarily gloomy view of the situation. As a patriot, he has every right to call attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the French navy (if its state is as unsatisfactory as he says), and to do his utmost to promote its betterment; but as a critic and an authority his fears cannot be taken seriously, until he has pointed out more clearly where and when the respective interests of England and France are likely to clash, and what good ground he has for predicting (with so much certainty) a war that would be contrary to the interests of both countries.

Revue Bleue. 12 mai.

There is no better critic of men and manners in Paris than "Zadig." It is his way to choose some celebrity—politician, writer, poet, or artist—and to present a portrait of him as well as an impartial criticism of his work. Many well-known men have figured in his series of "Silhouettes Parisiennes;" yet the present sketch of Courteline, the popular but peculiar humourist, is undoubtedly the best thing that "Zadig" has yet done. So extravagant is Courteline's humour that it appeals principally to the bourgeoisie. One must be a smug citizen to appreciate it. One must be ever ready to roar at caricatures of policemen, magistrates, ministers, and the pompous men who belong to the Administration. (It is Courteline's way to write that word in capitals; and that alone makes his public laugh.) One must rejoice over the trials of henpecked husbands, indiscreet children, and shrill wives. One must simply shriek over the titles of his sketches: "Théodore, cherche des allumettes . . . Hortense, couche-toi." . . . "Titres gais," laughs Zadig, "titres très gais. Oh! que ces titres sont gais!" Still, Courteline is decorated; and that is another proof of bourgeois spirit and of his popularity with the bourgeoisie. He turns out a book with amazing regularity. He caricatures

the same personage over and over again. He is "tout ce qu'il y a du plus gai."

Revue des Revues. 15 mai.

The articles that appear from time to time in this review on America are usually condemnatory. Not long ago, the millionaires were attacked; then the life and education of their children were severely criticised, and now M. G. Dornbigny holds forth indignantly on "Trusts." Admirable is MM. Paul and Victor Marguerite's critical paper on "L'Art Social." Herein, they examine the novels that have dealt with social questions during the past few months. Modesty has, of course, prevented them from including their own latest work: but "Femmes Nouvelles" deals nevertheless with one of the most important questions of the day and is now, we are glad to state, in its twenty-second edition.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 mai.

This number contains several papers of exceptional interest. There is a short story of country life told with his usual charm by M. Rod, and a lucid account of the pacification of Madagascar which the author attributes to the men rather than the system under which they work. M. Brunetiere contributes an article on an almost unknown work of Ronsard, from which it would appear that the poet was as good a Catholic as he was a Frenchman, in fact a nationalist. There is also a good account of the Baron de Barault, that favourite of fortune of whom Talleyrand said "I defy Barault with all his wit to succeed in making an enemy." Such a man could not fail to succeed in life and he lived in times of exceptional interest. M. Olivier's efforts on behalf of the "Empire Libéral" are ponderous and are becoming wearisome.

For This Week's Books see page 630.

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TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

GENTLEMEN.—The Directors submit to you the annexed Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ending December 31st, 1899.

The gross profits of the Bank for the past half-year, including Yen 411,025.¹¹³ brought forward from last account, amount to Yen 8,882,937.⁸¹², of which Yen 4,083,436.⁷⁴³ have been deducted for current expenses, interest on deposits, &c., leaving a balance of Yen 4,799,501.¹¹³. The Directors now propose that Yen 500,000.⁰⁰⁰ be added to the reserve fund, raising it to Yen 8,000,000.⁰⁰⁰, and Yen 30,000.⁰⁰⁰ be set aside for the contemplated new building. From the remainder the Directors recommend a dividend at the rate of fifteen per cent. per annum, which will absorb Yen 900,000.⁰⁰⁰ and, as this is the last year of the Bank's business term originally granted by the Charter, the Directors further recommend a bonus of Yen 25.⁰⁰⁰ per share, which will absorb Yen 3,000,000.⁰⁰⁰. The balance, Yen 349,501.¹¹³, will be carried forward to the credit of next account.

NAGATANE SOMA, Chairman.

Head Office, Yokohama, 10th March, 1900.

LIABILITIES.	BALANCE SHEET.		31st December, 1899.	
	Y.		Y.	ASSETS. Y.
Capital paid up.....	12,000,000. ⁰⁰⁰	Cash Accounts—		
Reserve Fund.....	7,500,000. ⁰⁰⁰	In Hand.....	3,596,806. ¹¹⁰	
Reserve for Doubtful Debts.....	121,692. ⁸⁰⁰	At Bankers.....	10,334,833. ⁹⁷⁰	13,531,640. ⁰⁰⁰
Reserve for New Building.....	392,414. ⁸⁰⁰	Investments in Public Securities.....		50,020,000. ⁰⁰⁰
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.).....	73,401,743. ⁸⁹⁷	Bills Discounted, Loans, Advances, &c.....		24,126,461. ⁰⁰⁰
Bills Payable, and other Sums due by the Bank.....	79,131,292. ⁰⁰⁰	Bills Receivable and other Sums due to the Bank.....		102,807,573. ¹⁷⁰
Dividends Unclaimed.....	3,114. ⁰⁰⁰	Gold and Foreign Money.....		325,217. ¹⁷⁰
Amount brought forward from last Account.....	411,025. ¹¹³	Bank Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c.....		500,668. ⁰⁷⁰
Net Profit for past Half-year.....	413,847. ⁸¹²			
	Yen 177,411,628. ⁹⁷⁴			Yen 177,411,628. ⁹⁷⁴

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

	Y.		Y.
To Current Expenses, Interests, &c.....	4,083,436. ⁷⁴³	By Balance brought forward 30th June, 1899.....	411,025. ¹¹³
To Reserve Fund.....	500,000. ⁰⁰⁰	By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 31st Dec., 1899.....	8,471,912. ⁸⁰⁰
To Reserve for New Building.....	39,000. ⁰⁰⁰		
To Dividend—			
Yen 7. ⁰⁰⁰ per Share for 120,000 Shares.....	840,000. ⁰⁰⁰		
To Bonus Yen 25. ⁰⁰⁰ per Share for 120,000 Shares.....	3,000,000. ⁰⁰⁰		
To Balance carried forward to next Account.....	349,501. ¹¹³		
	Yen 8,882,937. ⁸¹²		Yen 8,882,937. ⁸¹²

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, with the Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the Branches and Agencies, and find them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c., of the Bank, and also those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and find them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.

SHINOBU TAJIMA,
FUKUSABURO WATANABE, } AUDITORS.

BRITISH WORKMAN'S & GENERAL ASSURANCE CO. LIMITED.

Chief Offices: BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

EXTRACTS FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT for Eight Months ending December 31st, 1899.

During the Eight Months ending 31st December last, the sum of £60,161 has been ADDED to the ASSURANCE FUND—the largest increase ever made during a similar period.

The INCREASE in the PREMIUM INCOME during the same period was £35,889—EQUIVALENT to an increase of over £53,000 per annum.

NEW BUSINESS FOR THE EIGHT MONTHS.

ORDINARY DEPARTMENT.—The number of New Proposals received was 3,357, assuring the sum of £224,034, at a Yearly Premium of £12,898.

The number of Policies issued was 3,022, assuring the sum of £199,138, at an Annual Premium of £11,358.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.—The number of Policies issued was 249,943, at an Annual Premium of £157,710.

EIGHT MONTHS' CLAIMS.

ORDINARY DEPARTMENT.—The amount paid in Claims during the Eight Months in this Department was £23,137, including £911 Surrender Claims.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.—The amount paid in Claims during the Eight Months in this Department was £169,679, including £11,435 Surrender Claims.

The TOTAL AMOUNT paid to the 31st December, 1899, was £2,549,627.

RESULTS OF THE EIGHT MONTHS' TRANSACTIONS.

The Total Income of the Company was £443,613, and the Total Payments £375,167, leaving a Surplus Balance on the Eight Months' Accounts of £68,446. Out of this sum £8,285 has been written off Investments, Loans, Furniture, &c., leaving £60,161 to be added to the Assurance Fund.

The Funds now stand at FIVE HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND POUNDS. As the result of LESS THAN THREE YEARS' painstaking and economical management, the INCOME of the Company has been INCREASED BY OVER £145,000 per annum, whilst the Assurance Fund has been PRACTICALLY DOUBLED.

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OUR FALLEN SOLDIERS.

THERE are many who feel we owe a worthy memorial to our brave soldiers in the land where they have fallen. Deeds of heroism, that have stirred every British heart, have been told us, and will long continue to be told us; beautiful deeds that make us proud of our soldiers as, perhaps, we never were proud before.

Some there have been, alas! whom we have known, some whom we have loved, whom we hoped to have welcomed back 'mid all the glad triumph of victory. But this was not to be, and there in South Africa they rest, sleeping their long last sleep before the Dawn.

Others we have known by their deeds alone, deeds which we have followed day by day with glowing hearts. In fierce, and prolonged, and renewed assaults, in weary, arduous, toilsome marches, in besieged and fever-stricken towns, in want and sickness, and privation, there have shone out a noble courage, an inflexible determination, a supreme contempt of danger, a glad and willing self-sacrifice, an unswerving devotion to duty—not words but acts. These things are what we are proud of, these are what we remember as we think of the brave men shot down in the full vigour of life, of the young ones whose career in life seemed to be just opening, of the veterans whose lives had been spent in their country's service.

We will not forget them. When we are tempted to grow idle, and luxurious, and self-centred, it will be well if voices from the battlefields of South Africa remind us that it is in losing our life for the most part, that we truly find it, and that that alone is worthy to be called life, which is given for the good of others, for our country, our Church, our God.

A Memorial which it is to be hoped may be worthy of the object, is to be raised in South Africa.

It will take the form of an Orphanage for native children, where they will be clothed, fed, and educated.

This Orphanage needs no apology. An increased sense of our responsibility as to the treatment of the native races will, we hope, be the outcome of the war. As it is incumbent upon us to give them good government, so it is also to give them the possibility of becoming Christians. We cannot do better than offer them this while they are young, before the old superstitions have laid hold upon them. Therefore we begin with an Orphanage.

A healthy locality will be chosen. It will be called the "In Memoriam Orphanage," and it will be under the Bishop of the Diocese.

The following give their kind support to the scheme:—

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All may have a share in raising and supporting the Orphanage. Liberal annual subscriptions and donations are asked for. Ten pounds a year will support one child.

Cheques should be sent to the "In Memoriam Orphanage Fund," at Drummonds' Bank, Charing Cross, or to Rev. P. WORSLEY, Little Ponton Rectory, Grantham.

The following ladies will gladly answer inquiries:—

MISS SOPHIA BUCHANAN RIDDILL, 9 Sloane Gardens, S.W.
MISS WINDHAM BARING, 4 Wilton Crescent, S.W.
MISS ARBUTHNOT, 65 Eaton Square.

Mrs. M. WORSLEY, who is going out to take charge of the Orphanage, will be glad to hear from

1—Anyone who would like to give the Oratory with its fittings, or part.
2—Any ladies who would like to offer themselves for Foreign Missionary work.
3—Anyone who would undertake to make clothing, collect funds, help in any way.
Her address is S.P.G. Office (to be forwarded),
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